

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1926

NO. 11



THE OLD MANSION AT RAVENSWORTH

Built by Lord Ravensworth about 1787, this historic old place in Virginia was for many years the home of the Fitzhughs and passed by bequest to the wife of General Lee. It was destroyed by fire in the late summer of 1926.

(See page 405.)

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale in aid of the Maury Monument Fund:

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THE UNITED STATES BEFORE 1870. F. E.
ELLIS, 36 Elm Place, Webster Groves, Missouri.

James E. Jones, of Cleveland, Okla., wishes to get all information possible on the war record of his father, James N. Jones, known in the army as "Pet." He served under Capt. James P. Jordan, Col. D. Howard Smith's Kentucky Cavalry, and was later with Morgan's men. He was too young to be enlisted regularly, but was allowed to go with the army. Was captured with M. V. Gudgeon and paroled.

Miss Sallie L. Yewell, Jacksonville, Fla., is trying to get the record of the Blackshear brothers, Dr. James Emmett Blackshear and Thomas Benton Blackshear, who enlisted at Macon, Ga., but she does not know with what command; the latter was severely wounded. Any information will be appreciated.

Col. J. T. George, Commissioner of Confederate Pensions, Frankfort, Ky., makes inquiry for a poem, or hymn, by one Richie, regarding the battle of Belmont, Mo., just across the Mississippi River from Columbus, Ky., in 1861. It is hoped that some reader of the VETERAN can furnish it.

ATTENTION!!!

I will guarantee to pay highest prices for old rare stamps and stamped envelopes of any kind, used before 1870, especially, including those stamped "Paid 5, or 10." Please describe what you find, or send one of each for my prices. Reference, Bank of Thomasville. A. C. MERCER, 317 Barton Street, Thomasville, Ga.

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Confederate Veteran

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

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U. C. V. MINUTES, 1926.

Copies of the minutes of the Birmingham reunion may be procured from U. C. V. Headquarters, New Orleans, at 50 cents. Address Mrs. W. B. Kernan, Assistant to the Adjutant General, U. C. V., 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

LAST OFFICIAL ESCORT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Following the interesting reminiscence by W. R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., of his association with the military escort of President Davis after the fall of Richmond, given in the October VETERAN, it is very appropriate to give the names of the ten men who were selected as the special escort of President Davis when the larger body of troops was turned back at the Savannah River. This list is taken from the VETERAN of January, 1909, and was furnished by the late F. G. Terry, of Cadiz, Ky., who had it from "the gallant young lieutenant who was one of that illustrious band." Comrade Terry says: "It will be seen that five of the number were from Trigg County, Ky., which county furnished something like four hundred men to the Confederate service."

The escort with President Davis when captured in May, 1865, was composed of the following men, all of whom were from Company B, Breckinridge's 2nd Kentucky Cavalry:

Capt. Given A. Campbell, from McCracken County, Ky. (not captured).

First Lieut. Hazard P. Baker, Trigg County, Ky.
Private Harvey C. Sanders, Trigg County, Ky. (He had a \$20 gold piece received while on this duty.)

Minus C. Parsley, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured).

James T. Walbert, McCracken County, Ky.

Harrison Smith, Lyon County, Ky.

W. N. Ingram, Trigg County, Ky.

Tom S. McSwain, Paris, Tenn. (not captured).

W. L. Heath, Corbin, Ky.

W. A. Howard, Trigg County, Ky. (not captured).

It would be interesting to know if any of these comrades are now living.

YOUNG SOLDIERS IN BLUE.—A writer in the *National Tribune* makes a remarkable statement as to the ages of soldiers of the Federal army, 1861-65, in the following: "Of the 2,778,309 soldiers of the Union army, twenty-five were ten years of age; 225 twelve years; 1,523 fourteen years; 844,891 sixteen years; and 1,151,348 were eighteen. The exact number under twenty-one was 2,150,708, leaving only 618,511 who were over twenty-one."

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD CONFEDERATE PARK.

In the brief reference in the October VETERAN to the present situation concerning the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park Association, it was stated that the Confederate organizations took over the options on these lands, when it was only members of these organizations and other friends from different States who met with Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, originator of the movement, and agreed to organize under the charter proposed and to pay the option price, and no objections were made to the objects of the incorporation or its terms. The present situation comes through the efforts of some members to ignore those objects and put the voting power in the membership, widely scattered, rather than with the strong board created by the charter. To do this will cause confusion and a loss of the objects for which the organization was formed. Major Ewing will appreciate hearing from interested friends; his home address is Ballston, Va.

VIRGINIA NUMBER OF THE VETERAN.

This number of the VETERAN gives much space to data on the old city of Richmond and its attractions, with other articles that will be of interest to Virginians and friends of the Old Dominion. This is in compliment to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose thirty-third annual convention is being held in this historic old city.

For some of the data in these notes on Richmond, the VETERAN expresses appreciation to Mrs. L. N. Kernodle, whose "Guidebook of the City of Richmond" is a mine of information, and it will be found most helpful to visitors in locating historic places in the city.

AN EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN TOLERANCE.

A friend sends the following copied from a Northern newspaper, and one at times rather hostile to the South, as showing that there is some appreciation of the fine trait of tolerance in the Southern people. Other instances could be given where those inimical to the Southern causes were not molested in the South, although in the North many were imprisoned simply for their suspected sympathy with the South. This is what the paper said editorially:

COULD THIS HAPPEN AGAIN?

"In respect to tolerance, considered not as a private code, but as a public institution, a philosophy which can become part of the mores of a whole people, it is natural that even the most hopeful citizen should at times lose heart and ask himself if the thing is ever possible. It is possible, of course, when the wind is blowing fair, when nobody cares what one's neighbor does, when it costs nothing to be tolerant. But when the pinch comes, when the factory has been idle for six months, when the boys are in the trenches, and the list of dead grows longer every day—when it costs much to be tolerant—was there ever a race of men so romantic that they placed an abstract principle before the passions of the moment?

"Offhand, one would say 'no.' Yet there comes to hand

evidence that such a race has existed, and has existed not in some remote spot in Asia, but within the boundaries of our own country. This evidence is contained in an article by Langdon Mitchell, published in the current *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. Mitchell, discussing the tradition of an earlier day, tells of a remarkable event which took place in Charleston, S. C. In this city, during the years preceding the Civil War, lived a man named James Lewis Pettigru. Pettigru harbored notions which in that day were extremely unpopular in the South. He was opposed to slavery. He was opposed to secession. Worst of all, he was a wit, a mocker of solemnity, a puller of noses, and a twaker of whiskers. As things grew hotter and the war broke out, he retreated not a step. He stuck by his guns and loudly denounced what he held to be the folly of the course his native State was pursuing.

"If this happened in our own day, say, during the recent war, it would be easy to imagine what would have happened to him. He would have been persecuted until his life was not worth living, perhaps arrested, perhaps thrown into jail for obstructing the war. But not in the Charleston of 1861. A spirit of tolerance prevailed there at that time which was stronger even than the spirit of war. It protected Pettigru from persecution and left him free to say what he pleased. And then suddenly it had a chance to express itself still further with dramatic effectiveness. For in the middle of the war Pettigru died. Was he laid to rest as though he had been a traitor? He was not. He was accorded all honors. The whole city took a day off to attend the funeral; the speakers were not his friends, but his political enemies, and they took turns recounting the great services he had rendered the State. Finally, when money had been raised, he was given a fine tombstone on which the inscription paid tribute to his eloquence, his wisdom, and his wit, and also to the fact that:

"UNAWED BY OPINION,
UNSEDUCED BY FLATTERY,
UNDISMAYED BY DISASTER,
HE CONFRONTED LIFE WITH ANTIQUE
COURAGE,
AND DEATH WITH CHRISTIAN HOPE.
IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
HE WITHSTOOD HIS PEOPLE FOR HIS
COUNTRY:
BUT HIS PEOPLE DID HOMAGE TO
THE MAN
WHO HELD HIS CONSCIENCE HIGHER
THAN THEIR PRAISE;
AND HIS COUNTRY
HEAPED HER HONOURS ON THE
GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT,
TO WHOM, LIVING,
HIS OWN RIGHTEOUS SELF-RESPECT
SUFFICED
ALIKE FOR MOTIVE AND REWARD."

"Tolerance could hardly go farther than this. The episode has deeper significance than its charm as a story, for it shows that tolerance can become a great public concept; that the idea for which we now struggle can be attained. The Charleston of civil war days, indeed, represented one of our high-water marks in civilization, but if we got that far once, is it utopian to hope that we can get that far again?"—*New York World*.

HISTORIC OLD RAVENSWORTH.

The frontispiece of this number of the *VETERAN* shows the old colonial mansion of Ravensworth, in Fairfax County, Va., which was destroyed by fire in the early morning of August 1. With the destruction of this old home, a part of the Lee estate of Virginia, another link with the historic past, is broken, for this old place was worthy to rank with Mount Vernon and Arlington through its association with the builders of Virginia.

Ravensworth mansion was built about one hundred and thirty-nine years ago by Lord Ravensworth, on lands granted to him by the crown. The next owners of the estate were the Fitzhughs, and from them it passed to the wife of Gen. R. E. Lee. The estate was willed to Mrs. Lee by her uncle, William Henry Fitzhugh, who had no children, and it was to go to her on the death of Mrs. Fitzhugh. It thus became a part of the estate owned by General Lee's children, and was eventually acquired by the second son, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, known generally as "Rooney" Lee, who died in 1891. He bequeathed the estate to his wife, with reversion to his two sons at her death. It will be remembered that the older son, R. E. Lee, died before his mother.

In the "Recollections and Letters of Gen. R. E. Lee," compiled and written by his youngest son, Capt. R. E. Lee, there are some interesting references to Ravensworth. It was a place of refuge for General Lee's wife when she had to leave Arlington, and in one of his earliest letters to his wife after the beginning of the war he refers to her presence at Ravensworth as a possible source of annoyance to "Cousin Anna," as he called Mrs. Fitzhugh, by the Federal army, and he urged her not to remain there. He adds, "But unless Cousin Anna goes with you, I shall be distressed about her being there alone," and he suggests several places where they might be accommodated with comfort. Several days later he again writes that he thinks it would be better for her to leave, "on your account and Cousin Anna's. My only objection is the leaving of Cousin Anna alone, if she will not go with you."

"Cousin Anna" never did leave Ravensworth during the war, remaining there with only a few faithful servants, and she managed to escape any serious molestation. It is told that "Cousin Anna" had Union sentiments, and that the United States government protected her property during the war; but nothing of that is mentioned in the letters and notes on General Lee. "It was at Ravensworth that his mother had died," writes Captain Lee, "and there in the old ivy-covered graveyard she was buried. The intimacy between Arlington and Ravensworth was very close. Since Mr. Fitzhugh's death, some thirty years prior to this time, my father and mother and their children had been thrown a great deal with his widow, and 'Aunt Maria,' as we called her, became almost a member of the family. She had the greatest love and admiration for 'Robert,' sought his advice in the management of her estate, and trusted him implicitly."

In April, 1869, General Lee made a visit to several friends and relatives in Maryland, and from there went to Washington, then to Alexandria, where he was the guest of Mrs. Fitzhugh in her town home. Later in the year, he went on to Ravensworth on account of the death of his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, "to whom Mrs. Fitzhugh had always been a second mother. There, amid the cool shades of this lovely old home, he rested for a day or two from the fatigues of travel and the intense heat. During this visit, as he passed the room in which his mother had died, he lingered near the door and said to one present: 'Forty years ago, I stood in

this room by my mother's deathbed. It seems now but yesterday!'"

He was at Ravensworth again in July, 1870, from where he wrote to his wife that Aunt Maria was "well in general health, but less free to walk than when I last saw her." There is no further reference to this beloved old place in this delightful book, so revealing of General Lee's character through the letters which he wrote to his family.

EDUCATED NEGROES OF THE OLD SOUTH.

There seems to be a general impression outside of the South that the negro slaves had no opportunity for education. On the contrary, there were many who could read and write, and doubtless there would have been many others in that class if they had cared for it, just as it is at present. As evidence of this, Matthew Page Andrews writes of one who was addicted to writing poetic letters to his master and other members of the family while they were away from the plantation. This story was gleaned from an old copy of the *Shepherdstown Register* and tells of a negro slave belonging to the Dandridge family of Virginia, now West Virginia, and gives a copy of the letter he wrote to his young mistress, who is now well known through her beautiful poems and other writings as "Danske Dandridge." The "Master Harry" referred to is the Rev. Henry Bedinger, rector of St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass. The other persons named are "Uncle Abram's" wife and children. This letter in verse was written approximately at the beginning of the War between the States, or just before it:

"Miss Danske: July the 27th.—I have much to do, But I take this opportunity for to write to you. We are all very well, and no right to complain, And hope you and the family are about the same. I have not written before to you since you have been gone, And now I do inform you how we are getting on. Concerning stock and poultry, I am very glad to say That we've been very fortunate since you went away. Concerning of the gardening and every flower border, When you come home, Miss Danske, you'll find them all in order.

Concerning of the chickens which you left in Lucy's hands, And the cats and the kittens you left in the care of Sam, Concerning your chicken Fanny, for some good reason why, She was held before a jury and condemned to die. She spoiled two settings of eggs and hatched no chickens at all, So the jury has decided she must die for all. The other offences against her, by this council said, She comes into the kitchen and eats all Davie's bread. You can tell Master Harry, he may be satisfied, His colt it will be ready when he comes home to ride. He runs around the grove as swift as a bird can fly, A prancing and jumping with his heels up in the sky. You all are in the mountains enjoying the pleasant air, We are ready to receive you when you get tired down.

"Very respectfully,

ABRAM DIXON."

Some twenty years ago, Rev. H. B. Lee, rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville, Va., in referring to the Dandridge home in Jefferson County, near Shepherdstown, and war times, wrote of this same slave:

"On one occasion, a thieving, marauding soldier from a Federal camp at Kearneysville Station, belonging to Captain Nye's company, of a Maine regiment, broke into the house, and, after smashing up chests, boxes, and everything that looked like there were valuables therein, he stole a lot of books, a music box, silver, and what not. He took them off

into a grove in front of the house and hid them. 'Uncle Abram' carefully watched him, having plead with him not to carry them off, as he was responsible for them. As soon as the robber went away, he got them all and took them to my father's home, which was just across the field. . . . 'Uncle Abram' remained with my aunt long after the war, serving her faithfully. Everybody loved, trusted, and respected him. He was 'detailed' on one occasion to go with some Federal troops (who had captured a couple of unarmed Confederate soldiers and a citizen) to bring back some of my aunt's horses 'borrowed' from her for these crippled soldiers to ride on. He went with them and returned with the horses, though they urged him to sell the horses and stay with them. The old man died some years after the war, having been badly crushed by a 'saw log' rolling on him."

Mr. Andrews concludes with this: "I have in my possession any number of letters written by educated slaves who were sent by their people to Liberia, and the letters were written from that country. They are very well written indeed."

The following may appropriately be added:

"Blanche Kelso Bruce, negro politician, born in Prince Edward County, Va., 1841; died 1898. Born in slavery, but educated with the son of his master, and subsequently a student at Oberlin College, he became a planter in Mississippi in 1869. Entering politics, he became a United States Senator from Mississippi in 1875, the first negro member of the national senate. Appointed register of the United States Treasury in 1881, holding office till 1885, and reappointed to the same office by President McKinley in 1897."

TEACHERS OF SOUTHERN CHILDREN.

The following is a fair sample of the result of the teaching of Southern children in late years, and it causes one to wonder why parents who have any appreciation of the history which the South had made are willing for their children to get such a perverted idea of what the South fought for and of this man who made war on the South. This paper was written by a girl of fifteen for one of the Sunday school papers of a great Church organization of the South and received a prize in the contest. The subject of the paper is:

MY COUNTRY'S GREATEST BENEFACTOR.

"In the South there has grown a prejudice against the great American hero, a prejudice resulting from the memory of homes destroyed and of loved ones dead on the battle field. Both of my grandfathers, though only boys at the time, entered the Confederate army at the first call for volunteers. Yet I claim not to be a Southerner, but a citizen of the United States.

"Lincoln's great sorrow at the growing trouble in his country, and his hope that the people whom he loved would again be united, was his motive in the war. He did not fight for the glory of conflict, nor did he fight for personal or partisan triumph; yet he loved the land which was to be the home of future generations, and when he was unable to pacify his countrymen, with a courage born of a divine motive he set himself to the task of reuniting his fatherland.

"Washington is called the father of our country; he fought for his countrymen against tyranny, and side by side with the Americans stood the French. Lincoln is called the savior of country; he fought an inward battle of love for his fellow countrymen, 'as we are given to see the right,' and love of the land of our children.

"After the war came the period of reconstruction, and Lincoln's plan was fair and just. Yet the great leader of a mighty

nation was not long to live in the land which he had saved. The last scene was a tragedy as heartrending as any of Shakespeare's, and Lincoln may well be said to have given his 'last full measure of devotion,' nor will his countrymen soon forget it."

THE WOMEN WHO SANG.

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These women of the sixty-sixty-five!

All, all those long gray years

Shot through with blood and tears

They sang—

Yea, thank God, they sang!

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

Those women of the one-time Sunny South!

In loneliness and pain,

In anguish for their slain,

They sang.

Blessed be God, they sang!

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These widows, mothers, wives!

They laid their dead to rest;

Yet to the babes upon their breasts

They sang—

Thank God, these women sang.

They sang!

Dear God, how they could sing—

These brave hearts of the shattered South!

In the ashes of their homes

'Neath the shadows of the tombs,

They sang,

Thank God, these brave hearts sang.

They sang—

Those women of the Southland sang

Of honor without stain,

Of hope that springs again,

Of comfort after pain.

That sunshine follows rain,

They sang!

Thank God our women sang!

—Dr. Charles Waddell, in *Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer*.

CONFEDERATE MOTHER NOW A CENTENARIAN.—North Carolina has the distinction of having a Confederate mother who is nearing her one hundred and third birthday. This centenarian is Mrs. Julia Anne Pridgen, a resident of Pender County, and who lives near the site of the famous Revolutionary battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. Mrs. Pridgen was the mother of a Confederate soldier, M. B. Pridgen, now deceased, and her second son had volunteered to join the army just as the war ended, being too young to go in before. The reminiscences of this mother of the Confederacy are worthy of an individual volume, as she vividly recalls not only the events of the War between the States, but those of the Mexican War outbreak. From her mental and physical strength, it would not be surprising if Mrs. Pridgen should add several years to the one hundred and three she has already lived.—Mrs. John H. Anderson, *Historian North Carolina Division, U. D. C.*

THE OLD CITY OF RICHMOND.

Among the many visitors to Richmond during the U. D. C. convention in this month of November, there will doubtless be a good number who have never been in that old city before, and even to those who are well acquainted there a little account of the history of this charming city will be of interest. It is a lovely old city, beautiful in location and natural attractions as well as in the part that has been man's handiwork, and it is of wonderful interest historically.

It is told that the site of Richmond was one of the discoveries of Capt. John Smith, who was looking about for a better site for the Jamestown colony, and he was so pleased with the country thereabouts that he called the lands he bought from the Indians "None Such." But the real beginning of Richmond was made by Col. William Byrd, by whom it was founded in 1737, incorporated as a town in 1742, and as a city in 1782. It became the capital in 1779, when the seat of government was transferred from Williamsburg on account of the presence of the British in that vicinity; it was the chief city of the South in the rebellion against King George; and it was the capital of the Confederacy in the War between the States.

Richmond is a city built upon seven hills, situated upon the James River, in Henrico County, ninety miles from the sea. These hills have been variously known as Church Hill, Libby Hill, Smith's Hill, Gamble's Hill, Oregon Hill, Hollywood Hill, and Capitol Hill. Captain Smith doubtless knew them by Indian names. There is a cross upon Gamble's Hill, set as a marker, which looks down upon the landing place of Captain Smith and his goodly company, who came sailing up the James River so many years ago, just below the heights now known as Gamble's Hill Park.

The present city of Richmond is largely a growth since the War between the States, for upon the evacuation in April, 1865, the greater portion of the business section was laid waste by fires which were started by the Confederates in destroying the warehouses and arsenals as a war measure. Nearly a thousand buildings were burned. The incoming forces of the Federals had to subdue the flames in order to save the city. Rising from the ashes of the past, Richmond is an example of marvelous growth, a city of the present, up to date and progressive, while still holding to a glorious past mutely attested by its many historic buildings and monu-

Harrison, Yellow Tavern, Drewry's Bluff, and many others "where Confederate valor illumined the pages of history." Some of these old battle fields are easy to reach over the splendid roads leading out of Richmond, which make distance



LEE CIRCLE, MONUMENT AVENUE.

of little consideration. Some of them, we realize, were a little too near for comfort to the anxious hearts in the old city. Petersburg, just twenty-two miles south of Richmond, should be visited especially because of the opportunity to see the tunnels cut by both sides in the days of war, the scene of the Crater explosion, and the old Blandford Church, with its cemetery of Confederate graves.

Richmond has many attractions within the confines of the city itself. Capitol Square is a park of twelve acres in the heart of the city, and in its center is the magnificent Washington monument. The effigies surrounding the equestrian statue of the Father of his Country represent other great men of Virginia. A little description of this monument and its meaning will give it more appreciation by visitors. The corner stone was laid in 1850, the ceremonies being attended by President Zachary Taylor and ex-President John Tyler; it was dedicated in 1858. It is sixty feet in height and cost \$260,000. The great men represented by the six figures, which are allegorical, and their meanings are described by Randolph Rogers, as follows:

First, Patrick Henry: Revolution, represented with a sword in her right hand, pointing with her left to a crown which is crushed under her feet.

Second, Thomas Jefferson: Independence; her eyes are turned toward heaven. In her right hand she grasps a portion of the chain which she has burst asunder, and with her left she casts a portion of it at her feet.

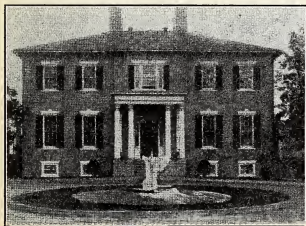
Third, John Marshall: Justice; in her left hand she holds the bar of the scales which are resting on her lap, and in her right hand a sword.

Fourth, Thomas Nelson: Finance; her left hand resting on a book and her right hand holding a cornucopia, from which plenty is flowing.

Fifth, George Mason: Bill of Rights; her left hand is resting on a scroll supposed to be the bill of rights. She leans forward with drawn sword resting on that document as if to defend it.

Sixth, Andrew Lewis: Colonial Campaigns; in one hand she holds the palm of victory; under her feet are Indian arms—bows, arrows, etc. In her right hand she holds the ax and her cap is decked with sheaves of wheat, symbolic of the peaceful settlement of the country and of its agriculture.

On this beautiful square are also buildings of historic interest—the old State Capitol, the State Library buildings, the Governor's Mansion, and the City Hall.



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION.

ments; and in the cemeteries about the city are the bloody fruits of war from the fields of Williamsburg, Manassas, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Fort

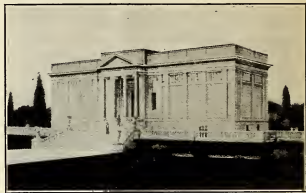
Other historic buildings of Richmond are many and varied. Chief of interest doubtless is the Confederate Museum, which was the "White House of the Confederacy," the home of President Davis while Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. In this museum are relics from every Southern State, mementoes of that nation which rose and fell pure of crime. The Confederate Memorial Institute, or Battle Abbey, is another building devoted to the preservation of Confederate history. In the Valentine Museum, on East Clay Street, will be found the original cast of the recumbent statue of General Lee by the famous Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine. The residence of General Lee during and just after the war, at 707 East Franklin Street, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society, is the repository of many valuable manuscripts and books on the history of Virginia. The residence of Chief Justice Marshall, Ninth and Marshall Streets, and the home of Matthew Fontaine Maury, on East Clay Street, are fittingly marked and contain many mementoes of the great men who once occupied them. There are many other houses and buildings in this old city which will claim the attention of visitors.

The parks of Richmond are well distributed over the city and have a combined area of over six hundred acres. Chimborazo Park, which was the site of the largest Confederate hospital during the war, overlooks the James River and also the valley of "Bloody Run," scene of a famous conflict with Indians. The United States Weather Bureau is located in this park. Other parks of the city are the William Byrd, Marshall Park (where the monument to Confederate Soldiers and Sailors stands sentinel), Taylor's Hill, Gamble's Hill, Monroe, Jefferson, and Joseph Bryan, all adding to the beauty of this beautiful old city.

The monuments of Richmond are striking in their beauty and number. The Lee monument, gracing Lee Circle on Monument Avenue, and the Jefferson Davis Memorial are doubtless the handsomest tributes to Confederate heroes in the South. On this same avenue are monuments to Stonewall

Square, "presented by English gentlemen as a tribute of admiration for that soldier and patriot, T. J. Jackson, and accepted by Virginia in the name of the Southern people, 1875."

There are many other memorials and historic places about



THE BATTLE ABBEY.

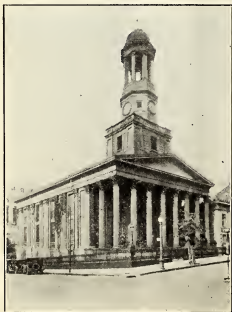
the city which will interest visitors, while its industrial section also claims attention for its volume of business and the sound basis on which it is established. The estimated population in 1924 was 192,000. It is a great city and most worthily the capital of a great State.

HISTORIC OLD CHURCHES.

Of the many places of interest in Richmond, perhaps the historic old churches hold first place. St. John's Church is the oldest, having been opened for worship in 1741. The land was donated by William Byrd, and the church was built under supervision of Richard Randolph, of Curl's Neck. In the cemetery surrounding the church sleep many of the old settlers of the city; the oldest of the many ancient tombstones is that of Rev. Robert E. Rose, dated 1751. Here is buried Elizabeth Arnold Poe, mother of Edgar Allan Poe. But what makes this old church of chief interest is that it was here that Patrick Henry awakened the world with his inspired declaration, "Give me liberty or give me death." This church is located on East Broad and Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Streets.

On East Broad, between Twelfth and Fourteenth Streets, is the Monumental Church, built on the site of Richmond's first theater, the first building, destroyed by fire, had been rebuilt, and it, too, was burned on December 26, 1811, when seventy-two persons, including Gov. William Smith, lost their lives. The disaster sent the city into mourning. A part of the site was turned into a tomb where the victims were buried, and as a memorial, Monumental Church was erected, being completed in 1814. Chief Justice Marshall and Matthew Fontaine Maury were among the worshippers in this church, and Gen. Leonidas Polk, bishop and soldier, was once its assistant rector.

President Davis and General Lee worshiped at St. Paul's Church, corner Ninth and East Grace Streets, when they lived in Richmond, and their pews are marked. Nearly everything in the church is a memorial; of the several memorial windows, those dedicated to General Lee are said to be the handsomest in America. Back of the chancel is a panel of glass mosaic which is a memorial to Gen. Joseph R. Anderson; a bronze tablet on the west wall is to the memory of Winnie Davis, whose funeral was held from this church, and there are handsome windows to the President of the Confederacy. This church is one of the most interesting places in the city.



Parle-Dement Studio, Richmond.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

Jackson and Jeb Stuart, tributes of love from the people of the South. On the field of Yellow Tavern north of the city, there is a shaft which marks the spot "where Stuart fell." Another tribute to Stonewall Jackson stands on Capitol

WAR-TIME SOCIAL LIFE IN RICHMOND.

FROM THE TIMES DISPATCH.

Whenever the social life of the Confederate war-time period is recalled, a tribute paid to the devotion of the Southern womanhood of that trying time by President Jefferson Davis comes into mind. Mr. Davis said, referring to Southern women:

"All they had was flung into the contest—beauty, grace, passion, ornaments. The exquisite frivolities so dear to the sex were cast aside; their songs, if they had any to sing, were patriotic; their trinkets were flung into the crucible; the carpets from their floors were portioned out as blankets to the suffering soldiers of their cause; women bred to every refinement of luxury wore homespun made by their own hands.

"As accepting every sacrifice with unconcern, lightening the tragic environment of war by every art, blandishment, and pleasure, the war-time women of the South deserved to rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest centuries."

From Mrs. Lee and her daughters to the humblest country matrons and maidens, their busy needles were stitching day and night. General Lee said he could almost hear, in the stillness of the night, the needles click as they flew through the meshes. "Every click was a prayer, every stitch a tear."

It seems hard to realize that in the intervals of marching and fighting, the Southern women and their soldier sweethearts found time for dancing and love making. But they did, and the brief snatches of gayety seemed all the brighter because they were so brief and so rare.

During the sixties, among the many lovely women who were the belles of Richmond, Misses Constance and Hettie Cary, who came through the lines from Baltimore to lend grace and enchantment to all circles which they adorned with their presence, shone preëminent.

Miss Constance Cary was a blonde, with very regular features and faultless figure. She married Burton Harrison, the private secretary of President Davis. After the War between the States was over she and her husband settled in New York City, and Mrs. Harrison attained a brilliant reputation as a writer.



Paris-Dement Studio, Richmond.

OLD MONUMENTAL CHURCH.

The late Dr. James McCaw said he considered Hettie Cary one of the handsomest women he had ever known. During the winter of 1862-63, she arrived in Richmond from Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Md., where she had

been kept in durance for wearing a white apron trimmed with red ribbons, the Confederate colors being red and white.

Miss Pegram at this time had a very fashionable girls' school on Franklin Street, between First and Second Streets, occupying two houses in what was then and is now known as Linden Row.

One of the characteristic entertainments of that time is thus described by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, who quotes from a letter written by a schoolgirl present, in these words:

"We had a glorious time—plenty of ice cream, cake, and officers, the latter predominating. When the evening was a little advanced, we were honored by the presence of the beautiful Miss Hettie Cary, and we danced until nearly three o'clock."

Mrs. Wright says of Miss Cary: "Of all the women I have ever met, I think she was the most beautiful. She combined with great loveliness of person a brilliancy of wit which made her remarkable. At this time, having just come through the lines, she was dressed in the last mode and shone resplendent in an exquisite violet moire with pink roses in her hair. This last was Titian tinted, and rippled back from her fair, low forehead. Her complexion was lilies and roses; and her figure magnificent. She was, indeed, a beauty.

"It is told of Miss Hettie Cary that, on one occasion, when Federal troops were passing through Baltimore, she stood at an open window of her home and waved a Confederate flag. One of the officers of a regiment passing below noticed the demonstration and, calling it to the attention of the colonel, asked: 'Shall I have her arrested?' The colonel, glancing up and catching a glimpse of the vision of defiant loveliness, answered emphatically: 'No; she is beautiful enough to do as she pleases.'"

There has seldom been seen an assembly of more beautiful girls than were gathered at Miss Pegram's school, even in a city so famed for lovely women as Richmond.

And on Franklin Street, in the fine winter afternoons when the sun shone, no one would have found fault with the figures of the promenaders who lent grace and distinction to the picture in 1861-62 and later.

Charming Hettie Cary and her handsome lover, Gen. John Pegram, were often seen in the throng. When the Rev. Dr. Minnigerode gave them his blessing in marriage, they were accounted the handsomest couple that ever walked up the aisle of St. Paul's Church.

But their happiness was swiftly ended. In three weeks General Pegram was mortally wounded in the entrenchments around Petersburg. His young bride, from whose side he had ridden away that morning, procured with difficulty an ambulance and driver to bring her husband's body from the trenches to Richmond. Sitting down on the floor of the ambulance, she held his head in her arms during a weary night drive from Petersburg to this city. But he died before she could get here, and his funeral services were conducted from the same church where he had so lately stood before the altar.

Mrs. George Evelyn Harrison, of Brandon, Va., came as a war-time bride from Savannah, Ga., where, as Miss Gordon, she had been a famous beauty and belle.

Lovely women from all over the South congregated at the Exchange and Ballard or at the Spottswood, the fashionable hotels of the war period. The Arlington, on Main Street, was a noted boarding house, and many private families crowded themselves to accommodate the refugees brought here by the exigencies of war.

Dr. Grattan Cabell's house then stood at the corner of

Second and Grace Streets, on the site now occupied by the home of Mr. E. L. Bemiss, and was a brilliant center of hospitality. Another attractive Grace Street home of those days was that of Dr. Francis Deane, at the corner of Seventh and Grace Streets, now occupied by the Seventh Street Christian Church. Dr. Deane's daughters, Miss Addie, afterwards Mrs. Peter Lyons, and her sister, now Mrs. Dabney Carr, were among those who gave brilliancy and animation to the war-time society of Richmond.

Other names coming back as associated with all that made those war days famous bring into mind charming Miss Betty Brander, now Mrs. Edward Mayo; Miss Virginia Michaux then, Mrs. Beverly R. Selden now; Miss Mary Pegram, afterwards Mrs. David R. McIntosh, of Baltimore; Miss Mary Haxall, who, as Mrs. Alexander Cameron, had her home at Sixth and Franklin Streets; Mrs. Philip Haxall, who for years has been sleeping her last long sleep in Hollywood; Mrs. J. Caskie Cabell, then Miss Nannie Enders; the lovely Freeland sisters, whose home, near Fifth and Cary Streets, boasted one of the handsomest gardens in the city; Miss Morgan, the sister of Mrs. J. Enders Robinson; Miss Evelyn Cabell, now Mrs. Russell Robinson, of Norwood, Nelson County; Miss Mattie Paul, still retaining her beauty as Mrs. Myers; Miss Mary Custis Lee, Miss Tabb Bolling, of Petersburg, the late Mrs. W. H. F. Lee; and hundreds of others.

The clouds of battle sometimes lifted, and young hearts always responded to the invitation of the hour then as now.

So it was that athwart the grim aspect of the years lying between 1861-65 blitted gleams of radiance from the exquisite forms that robbed danger of foreboding and snatched happiness from the very jaws of death.

THE RIVERS OF VIRGINIA.

Old Virginia north and eastward has *Potomac* blue and wide; Northward lovely *Shenandoah* through thea Valley pours her tide.

Southward sweep the dark *Black Water*, deep *Meherrin*, *Nottoway*.

Eastward ripples *Rappahannock*, spreading into placid bay, With a *Back* and *York* historic and the slow *Plankatanke*.

Here are *Hazel* and *Pamunkey*, with its dank and slippery bank, Quaint *Occoquan* and *Opequan* and *Madocadoc*, *Yeocomico*, *Robertson* and *Nassawodock*, *Rock Fish* and the *Buffalo*.

Here *New*, *Holston*, *Clinch*, and *Powell* wind in meadows of the west;

Mingling in their merry music comes the welcomed mountain *Guest*.

Here *Elizabeth* comes kissing *Nansamon* and sisters *Anna*, *Rapidan* and *Mattipony* and the rollicking *Rivanna*.

Pedler's here with *Slate* and *Hardware*; and, still playing thus on names,

Let's go down the *Jackson*, finding green *Cow Pasture* in the *Jamas*;

Chickahominy there meeting *Appomattox* with their fames, Finding *North* and *South* united; here with sighing *Tye* they blend.

Piney, *Willis* from its willows, and *Calf Pasture* all here wend. Here in *Roanoke* gather *Stanton*, *Dan*, and mountain-bright *Black Water*,

Banister and *Smith* and *Mayo* and *Hycotee*, *Pig* and *Otter*.

Noble rivers! noble country! noble people! Nobler ones Ne'er hath known the darkening shadows nor the light of circling suns.

HOME FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

One of the interesting places to visit in Richmond is the Home for Needy Confederate Women, located at No. 3 East Grace Street. This Home is the tribute of patriotic women of the city to those who gave their best service in the days of war and in their old age have come to dependency. The history of its establishment is interesting.

"It was in 1897," writes Mrs. Nelson Powell, "that the first move was made to have a home for needy Confederate women of Virginia. This step was taken in the ladies' auxiliary of George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, by Mrs. D. M. Burgess, who was a member of the auxiliary. The charter for the home was prepared by Judge George L. Christian, and the Hon. Hal D. Flood had it carried through the legislature in 1898.

"After obtaining the charter, the ladies became discouraged and abandoned the idea as an impossibility, but a little later the work was again taken up by Mrs. Nelson Powell, who, with the assistance of Mrs. D. M. Burgess, Mrs. Alice M. Reddy, and a few other patriotic women, worked diligently so that on October 15, 1900, the Home was opened with nine inmates. This first home was on the north side of Grove Avenue, having been purchased from Mrs. Reddy, who had been persuaded to let them have it as the most suitable place available. We had the counsel and advice of such grand and noble Confederate men as Dr. Moses D. Hoge, John B. Cary, Maj. Robert Stiles, Judge Farrar of Amelia County, Capt. Carlton McCarty; Gen. A. L. Phillips, who laughingly called these ladies the "Three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity"; Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and our good and beloved Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, who stood by us and helped us to arrange and furnish our first Home. Captain McCarty, on behalf of the ladies of the Board, presented the Home to the State, and it was received for the State by Governor Tyler.

This Home was the first tribute offered to the noble women of the South, and it has been kept up during the past twenty-five years by the unflagging efforts of these ladies and others associated with them. It was governed by a board of managers and an advisory board. The first officers were:

Mrs. George E. Pickett, Honorary President.

Mrs. Nelson Powell, President.

Mrs. James O'Brien, First Vice President.

Mrs. W. J. Gilman, Second Vice President.

Mrs. D. N. Burgess, Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Alice M. Reddy, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. A. C. Becker, Treasurer (two months).

Mrs. A. J. Pyle, Treasurer.

The Advisory Board was: Capt. Carlton McCarty, John P. Branch, Maj. Robert Stiles, Gen. A. L. Phillips, Judge William I. Clopton, Augustus Millhiser.

The passing of Governor Tyler in the latter part of 1924 was a grief to these devoted workers, who said of him: "He gave so kindly his good advice and help in many ways; his cheerful words and advice stimulated the faithful few so that we worked more diligently and accomplished sooner than we had expected the object for which we worked.

"The day we opened the Home for Needy Confederate Women, Governor Tyler was with us with his ready advice and helping hand. Just before he left the Home he knelt and offered up the most beautiful prayer that divine guidance and help be with us and that ultimate prosperity be with the Home. We do not think that one who heard that prayer has ever forgotten it."

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME OF RICHMOND, VA.

An interesting story of the establishment of the Lee Camp Confederate Soldiers' Home, of Richmond, Va., contributed by Capt. Peter J. White, of Richmond, was published in the *Times Dispatch* some time ago, and is here reproduced in part. It seems that the suggestion for a Camp, or a "Home" for Confederate veterans of the State came from some Union veterans on a visit to Richmond in 1883, who told of the G. A. R. "Posts" of the North, and of the Veterans' Homes, supported by a grateful government; and they felt that the veterans of the Southern army should have such a place for social recreation or as a refuge for their old age and dependency; and they offered to contribute to any movement to secure funds for the purpose.

"Acting upon the suggestion," writes Captain White, "an association was formed of a few old Confederate soldiers, and known as R. E. Lee Camp No. 1 C. V., with Capt. Charles U. Williams as Commander. A charter was secured, which stated that the object of the association was to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades and to minister as far as practicable to the needs of those who were permanently disabled in the service; also that the association might acquire title to and hold land for the purpose of founding a 'Home' for invalid and infirm Confederate soldiers, or for the education and maintenance of the children of invalid and infirm or deceased Confederate soldiers; and this association should have the right to receive donations from States, societies, corporations, individuals," etc.

"Monticello Hall, 'on Broad Street, was rented, and Lee Camp grew in numbers. In the meantime, looking out for a location for a "Home," a farm of thirty-six acres, with a brick residence, belonging to Mr. Channing Robinson, on the west of the city was found available, a loan of \$8,000 was secured, and promptly the initial payment on the present Confederate Home tract was made, and so secured for the purpose for which it is now used.

In 1884 a fair was held, in which many of the best and most patriotic women of Richmond assisted, and about \$25,000 was raised. Many contributions were sent by the Northern

friends above mentioned. General Grant contributed \$500, the Cable Company sent us two pianos, and there were many other outside contributions. In 1885 the Home was started, and the same year Lee Camp was invited to Baltimore as guests of the city. In returning, we stopped in Washington and called upon President Cleveland, and then upon W. W. Corcoran, banker and philanthropist, who received us most graciously and gave \$5,000 toward our "Home." We were also invited to dine at one of the hotels as guests of Robert Fleming, a former Confederate soldier and native of Richmond, and in the fall of that year, 1885, he came to Richmond and employed contractors to put a third story upon the present executive building at the Home, all at his own expense.

"Cottages were given by James B. Pace, Mr. Appleton of New York, the sons of former Gov. William Smith, and other friends of the Home. Contributions in money were made toward the support of the Home by others also, of whom I will mention the James Estate, of Norfolk; Thomas J. Todd, of Richmond; and a former Union soldier of Vermont, who gave his pension, amounting to about \$1,200 per year, a most noble and generous act. Later on, in 1890, the Camp was able to sell about nine acres of the home tract on the east, which had been cut off by running the Boulevard through it, for about \$40,000.

"In 1887, the Camp was most cordially and hospitably entertained by the city of Boston. Never shall I forget our march around the Bunker Hill monument on the anniversary of the battle it commemorates on a hot day in June—from there to the elm tree under which George Washington took command of the Continental army; thence to Faneuil Hall, the 'Cradle of Liberty,' where one of our number, Comrade C. A. Bohannon, when called upon for a speech, after a graceful tribute and apostrophe to our generous hosts, with a master hand portrayed in stirring words the parts Massachusetts and Virginia had played in American history and in the formation of the union of the Fathers.

"The Confederate Home was run for several years by Lee Camp until, being unable to do so longer with such limited means as it had at its disposal, in 1891 the Camp applied to the Virginia legislature to help take care of its own infirm and invalid old soldiers, stating that grounds and buildings had already been prepared and a "Home" was in operation, and all that was desired was funds to take care of and support the inmates of the "Home." The legislature declined to do this unless the Camp would surrender and deed to the State of Virginia its property at the expiration of a certain period, and this property at the time had wonderfully increased in value. While other Southern States provided Homes as well as support for their needy Confederate veterans, Virginia was asked only to provide the support necessary. These hard terms the Camp finally acceded to, and, in 1892, seven years after the founding of the "Home" by Lee Camp, the State of Virginia began its annual contribution toward the support of its own infirm, old, and decrepit soldiers, of whom the present governor of Virginia has said: 'It is a slight recognition of the debt of appreciation Virginia will owe them forever.'

"With the acquiescence of the Virginia legislature, the site of the Battle Abbey, comprising some five or more acres, was given from the Confederate Soldiers' Home tract."



Poster Studio, Richmond.

HANDSOME GATEWAY TO CONFEDERATE HOME GROUNDS.

On another portion of this beautiful and historic plot of ground, given by R. E. Lee Camp and acquiesced in by the State of Virginia, there is to be erected a larger, more commodious, and modern Home in every respect, and detail,



SIDE VIEW OF CONFEDERATE HOME, SHOWING ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND COTTAGES.

not only to house the needy and feeble old Confederate women, of whom there are many, but a "perpetual Home for female descendants of Confederate soldiers" and as a lasting and utilitarian memorial to undying devotion and invincible courage. Mrs. A. J. Montague, the wife of a former governor of Virginia, now in Congress, and who has been the moving spirit of the Home from its incipency, and is its president, this being the third home, having outgrown two others, has determined that it shall be beautiful in design, most modern in arrangement, and memorial in character. She is a noble specimen of Southern womanhood, of unbounded energy, and knows no such word as fail. The Home is to cost \$300,000, and she asks the help of all who honor woman.

THE RIPPLES WEAK ARE REACHING SHORE.

BY ROBERT SPARKS WALKER.

The ripples weak are reaching shore;
In sunshine past they hoary gleam;
The battle cry, the cannon's roar,
And clash of swords are heard no more,
Their fighting days are but a dream.

Since brave men fell on Freedom's ground
Full threescore years have intervened;
Each slab of stone, each grassy mound,
Speaks of the peace that each man found,
And War's small harvest that he gleaned.

They meet to-day, their tents are spread;
Their uniforms are donned again;
They love the living, praise the dead;
Where'er they go, let it be said
Brave hearts beat in Confederate men.

The ripples weak are reaching shore,
The richest message that they bring
Is ripe with age, but red with gore,
And each one whispers o'er and o'er:
Love conquers hate and everything!

"THE IMMORTALS."

BY MARY SPOTSWOOD WARREN, RUXTON, MD.

(Age 16.)

It was a raw, bleak November afternoon near Thanksgiving. Snow was in the air; one could almost see the white flakes float placidly down out of the leaden sky. I had come down at my friend Wickham's invitation to get in a little shooting over Thanksgiving at his place in Virginia, and, arriving that day, had set out for a walk in order to get the "lay of the land." I had just jumped the branch which bisects the spring lot meadow, when, looking up, I saw in the next field, beside a small log cabin, the figure of an old negro man, apparently engaged in chopping wood. It occurred to me that he might know how the huncing was this season and whether game was plentiful, so I crossed over to him. The old man, after answering my question in the affirmative, fell into conversation with me. We began discussing the neighboring country, the woods, etc., and from that gradually reached the subject of ghosts, or "ha'nts," as the darkeys say.

"Yassuh," drawled the old man, "yassuh, y'all white folks makes out yo' don' believe in ha'nts, but law! I done seen some er y'all act mighty nervous when yo' done seen er heerd somethin' queah. Yassuh! he! he!" and he went off into a high cackle of laughter and nearly bent double with mirth. "Yassuh, cyain't fool me! Cyain't fool ole Harry! But I'se seen some dat ain't scared atall, ain't scared at a ha'nt er nothin'. Dey don' min' a thing. My ole Marsta, Capt'n Harry, he wuz one dem kin'."

"Tell me about it," I urged, becoming interested at once.

"Well sur, 'twuz dis 'er way. 'Twuz a long time ago 'bout thu'ty yeahs back, I reckon. 'Twuz jes after dat dat I had de misery in my back so bad. Marse Harry said 'twuz fum de rain dat nite, but I knows bettah. 'Twarn't dat; 'twere fum de sperits. 'Twuz a dark night, not a star in de sky; cold, too. Capt'n Harry an' me, we wuz on our way back home to Orange County fum Fredericksburg. We had been dar on business. Well, we wuz goin' th'ew de Wilderness, wher der wuz so much fightin' in durin' er de wah, in de kerrige. Seems to me we mustar been 'bout halfway th'ew. 'Twere awful dark an' I couldn't hardly see to drive. I reckon' I give de horses de reins. My lamps wuz dim, too. All er a sudden one er de horses, Annie Lee (she wuz de mos' flighty an' nervous), neighed an' started to kinda shiver. 'Bout de same time de lamps go out an' a win' spring up fum nowheh 'tall an' go 'who-o-oh,—who-o-oh!' right th'ew de trees. Marse Harry say de win' put de lamps out, but I knows bettah.



'Twarn't dat; 'twere de ha'nts. After de lights go out an' de horses whinnied an' de win' go 'who-o-oh,' I ain't feelin' so perky; I been feelin' right nervous anyhow since we done come in de old Wilderness. I let out an' yell an' begin to

climb down an' run, 'cause I done thought: 'Gord A'mighty, dese ha'nts ain' gwine git dis niggah dis time; naw suh, not if he got he laigs! I wuz gwine take out an' fly. I done fergit 'bout Marse Harry an' ev'rythin'; I jes' thinkin' 'bout ole Harry savin' he hide. But Marse Harry done heard me holler an' he opened de do' an' step' down hisself. 'What is de matter, Harry?' he say, 'Dar is nothin' to be afraid of.' 'Naw suh,' I says, 'an' I is jes makin' suah dar ain' gwine be!' Jes den all de bushes an' de underbresh begin to crackle an' crunch 'sif a great crowd 'er people wuz goin' by, an' 'sif wagons wuz rollin' 'long. Right away I done thought 'er 1864 when me an' Marse Harry wuz fightin' together in de Wilderness. (T'wuz on a stormy nite jes' like dis one an' de rain wuz jes *comin'* down, an' I wuz soakin' wet an' Marse Harry made me put on he cote off'n he back.) It commenced to rain now, too. Well, suh, 'long wid de creakin' 'er de bresh an' de darkness an' de neighin' 'er de horses an' de rain, an' de win' goin' 'who-oo!' we commenced to heah de noise 'er de guns as dey wuz carried 'long, de 'breakin' 'er de cannon' dat's a soun' dat yo' cya'in't mistake. Me an' Marse Harry done heard it so much in de wah dat when we heah it ag'in dis time him an' me both knowed what 'twuz. But Cap'n Harry wan' 'fraid. Naw suh. He wuz jes' as brave an' darin'. 'Harry,' he say, 'Harry, what is yo' 'fraid of? Dar is nothin' gwine hurt yo.' 'Yes suh,' I says. Den Marse Harry wen' to de horses heads an' patted 'em an' tried to quiet 'em down an' commenced to lead 'em on th'ew de Wilderness, 'cause dey wouldn't budge a inch by deyselves. An' all dis time, suh, de breakin' 'er de cannon an' de cracklin' 'er de bresh, an' de 'who-oh' 'er de win' wuz gittin' louder an' louder, an' jes den I felt a cole win' pass me an' somethin' cole bresh 'g'inst my han'. But I ain' wait to fin' out *what* 'tis. I hollers an' jump fo'ward an' grab holt Marse Harry's cote tails an' shet my eyes an' stumble long 'side 'er Marse Harry. Marse Harry ain' turn roun', jes' patten' de horses an' talkin' gentle to 'em an' leadin' 'em. Li'l'e by li'l'e we got 'way frum dat Gord fersaken place an' dem ha'nts. I reckon it took us 'bout five minutes, but, 'fo' de Lawd, it seem like five hunderd yeahs to dis niggah. When we got out on de big road ag'in (dat udder wuz jes a cow path) de Capt'n stop an' turn 'round an' raise he right han' an' sez to me: 'Harry,' sez he, 'Harry, yo' is my witness yo' knows I does not believe in spirits, but, befo' Gord, I believe dat dat wuz de Army 'er No'thern Virginia we has jes' passed.'"

MY CHILDREN'S MAMMY—AN APPRECIATION.

BY JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM, LORRAINE, VA.

One of the most regrettable features of the Southern life of to-day is the passing of the negro "Mammy." There are "nurse girls" in plenty, but rarely do we see the old-fashioned, white-aproned negro nurse, in the big white head handkerchief who used to be such a picturesque feature of our Southern parks. Almost anybody who has visited the South can recall the scene, in Charleston, S. C., for example, on the famous old Battery. The dark green live oak trees, with their gnarled branches; the warm Southern sun shining down upon the children at play with their hoops or their doll babies, or with their games. The nurses sat together on the benches near by, but as far as I have ever seen, they never lost sight of their little charges, for whom they felt a real responsibility and affection.

In almost every Southern home of any importance, "Mammy" was a most important figure. She, and generally an old butler, reigned supreme in their respective positions. They were often the family autocrats. All the other servants

were afraid of them, because they were closest to the master and mistress for one thing, and could, and often did, use their influence most arbitrarily. In cases where the parents were too busy or too indifferent to take care of the children, they frequently received almost their entire training from these two colored potentates until they passed into the hands of their school-teachers. I am not denying that they used their authority right sharply sometimes, but generally, I believe, for what they thought was the good of the children. They had to teach them "manners," as they themselves would have explained their modes of discipline. They were great sticklers for manners, the old negro servants were, and they were very careful to see that their young charges were taught politeness as soon as they could learn anything. "Ain't you got no manners?" was a frequent question to white children as well as to black.

But Mammy, next to Mother, was the children's best friend. In her strong arms every white child was laid at birth, with the certainty that it would be given the most skillful and devoted care. On her breast childish sorrows sobbed themselves out, and her broad lap was a most comfortable shelter against all the evils of the world. She knew so well how to make the little things comfortable. "Jes' come to your old Mammy," she would say, and then there would be peace and comfort at once. The passing years but strengthened the tie that bound the black Mammy and her white children. She took part in every step of their lives, second only to that of their mother, sharing each grief and joy. She packed the trunk of the boy about to start for school or college, and no one welcomed him home more eagerly than Mammy on his return. She helped dress the little girl's dolls, and later she inspected the suitors who came a-wooing, and passed judgment upon them, often as shrewd as it was unconventional. They were extremely aristocratic in their ideas, and it was difficult for "skim milk" to masquerade as "cream" with them. "Who dat young gentleman what come here las' night?" one of them would ask. "He ain't none of our white folks." She had seen the difference at once, and didn't want any "po' white trash," as she would have expressed it, coming around her young mistress. One old Mammy was asked why her especial charges had not gotten married. This was an awkward thing for her to answer, as it was a well-known fact that the young ladies in question had lingered for an unusually long time on the parental tree, and her family pride was at stake. "I ain't know what to say, ma'am," she told her mistress, "so I jes' say, 'the young gentlemens they keeps a-comin' and a-goin', but the young ladies they don't seem able to make up their minds.'" Could there have been possibly a better answer?

But when "her baby" did get married, it was generally Mammy who pinned on the wedding veil over the bride's face, and gave sage advice as to the best way to manage husbands. Sometimes it was also Mammy who folded the dear hands when the sweet young life came to an untimely end. In every event of life, Mammy's faithful heart beat like an echo of her "white folks." She belonged to them and they to her, for life and death, and that is all there is about it.

For myself, I do not hesitate to say that I consider my own example of the race of negro mammies, Louisa Goodman, of Goochland County, Va., as one of the greatest blessings God has given me in my whole life. As her kind, as I have said before, is now practically extinct, I think it is well worth while to write an account of her rather unusual character before it has been entirely forgotten.

Louisa Goodman belonged to a family who lived in Mana-

kin Town, Va., but was for years the trusted servant of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Allen, at Tuckahoe, the famous old Randolph place on the James River, which now belongs to the Coolidge family, of Boston. After Mr. and Mrs. Allen sold Tuckahoe, it was my good fortune to have Mammy Louisa as nurse for my children through all their babyhood days.

Mammy Louisa was a "befo' de war nigger," as she herself said. My first sight of her was somewhat in the nature of a disappointment, and so remains fixed in my mind. When I brought my first baby from Richmond, where he was born, a good-looking young negro woman applied for the place of nurse, explaining that she could not come immediately herself, as she had to wean her baby, but would put her mother in her place temporarily. The mother came, and when I first saw her she was sitting by my fire holding my baby, and she was such a contrast to her good-looking young daughter that I was afraid my feeling of disappointment would show in my face. I little knew then what a treasure that plain little black woman would prove to be, while her daughter, as I came to know later, was a singularly high-tempered and disagreeable person. It was a very good lesson in the old saying, "all is not gold that glitters."

Mammy Louisa was a homely little body, short and stockily built, and very black, a fact about which she constantly made fun herself. One of her favorite stories was about a negro girl, "who is jes' as black as I am, ma'am, and you know that is sayin' a good deal, but the silly thing said she wouldn't drink coffee, 'cause it would hurt her complexion"—and Mammy would have her quiet little laugh at the girl's folly. Somehow, the idea of quietness and peace always goes with her memory—she was never excited or exciting.

A friend said to be only a short time ago that she thought reliability—trustworthiness—was the finest quality anyone could have; and, tried by that standard, Louisa Goodman stood high, quiet, plain little body as she was. She could always be depended upon in everything she undertook to do, from the cleaning of a room to the care of a baby. What she did was carefully and thoroughly done without your having to watch her, and every housekeeper knows what a comfort that sort of servant is. If a guest was expected, she often said to me, "That gal ain't half cleaned the company room. You hold the baby for me for a while, and I will go up and clean it myself," and you may be sure there were no dirty corners nor unwashed pitchers and basins when Mammy got through. To be sure, she had been trained by first-rate, old-time housekeepers and knew her work thoroughly, but I will maintain that it was her nature so to do.

As I have said, she lived at Tuckahoe for over twenty years, and Mr. Allen would frequently be heard to say that she was worth more than any other ten negroes on the place. She was a devoted nurse for his little son, whom she adored to the end of her days, and the trusted housekeeper and assistant of Mrs. Allen, who could leave the keys with her when she went away in the summer; and Mammy made the preserves and put up their abundant fruit with as much care as if her mistress had been present. She was an old-time trained servant, for one thing, but she had a loyal and faithful heart in her dear old black body, and that is a treasure beyond rubies.

There at Tuckahoe she brought up and sent out into the world a large family of children, and when I knew her she was engaged in raising a second set—her grandchildren. They have done her very little credit, I am sorry to say, but I believe she did her duty by them as she saw it. She had a very ugly and prodigiously tall husband, who was literally as black as the ace of spades. She was continually telling

me what she said to Charles—his part was evidently that of a listener—he was the chorus, while she was the leading woman in the play. She often said of him, "Charles does what I tell him to do, 'cause he knows I have more sense than he has," to which I would laughingly make answer that to me that showed very uncommon sense on his part and, as I thought, of a kind very rare among husbands, who do not usually care to acknowledge the superiority of their wives in that way. "I jes' tell Charles"—was Mammy's usual formula, and what she told Charles you may be quite sure she was going to carry out.

Her engagement with me was never for the trifling period of one month. That would have been too uncomfortably uncertain for both of us. No, each spring and fall she would say to me, "God knows I need every bit of money I can get, as I have got all them chillun there at home to take care of, but I don't stay with you for the money you gives me, but 'cause you ain't strong and you ain't used to this kind of life here in the country, an' I can't bear to leave these here chillun now, so I jes' tell Charles he'll have to meck out by himself this winter (or summer), but after that I'll jes' hafter go back home." "Very well, Mammy," I would say, "we will see about that when the time comes." And that would be the last of the matter until the scene repeated itself at the end of the next six months. And so she stayed on, the blessing and comfort of my life, from the spring to the fall, and back again to the spring, until she became too feeble to work, and soon after passed peacefully away.

I wish I could make those who read this sketch of a humble old colored woman understand what a good work that quiet little body did while she was living here with us in Henrico County, Va.; how she nursed, guarded, and taught the children, looked out for me (fought for me, if necessary to protect my rights, as she thought), supervised the other servants and told me their plans and evil doings so I could decide what I ought to do. She always said, "These niggers all say I is a white folks' nigger, but it's the white folks as have done for me all my life, and I am goin' to stay by them as long as I live"—and she did. (While I am thinking about it, I think this is just as good a place as another to explain the use of the word "nigger" among Southern people. You will observe that Mammy calls herself one all the time, but she would have been both shocked and insulted if her "white folks" had used that term in addressing her. In the South, people who expect to be considered well-bred say negro.)

Mammy had the most wonderful and intimate knowledge of animals of all sorts. She seemed to know what they were thinking about in a perfectly inexplicable way to me. She would say, for instance, "That hen is singin' and doin'," but she ain't layin' any." I could not see that the hen in question was different from any other hen in the yard, but Mammy did. She understood what the horses and cows were doing and thinking, apparently, and the dogs and the turkeys; she seemed to have a kinship with them all, which gave her a sympathy and understanding of them. She always nursed the sick horses, giving them a decoction of her own making, out of a long-necked bottle. They never said what they thought of it, but I expect it must have been pretty bad, to judge by the struggles they made not to take it; but Mammy never stopped working over them until she was sure they were well on the road to recovery. She had a pet rooster that she fed up and spoiled, and a pet hen, and a little pee-wee that she tamed until it knew and came to her; and a little pet sparrow, which my baby called "my 'parrow," and they fed it and it stayed with them while they were sitting together on the back steps, taking the air. She seemed, in fact, to

have a certain magic with the wild creatures. I suppose it was just sympathy, but I never saw anyone else who had it in the same way. As for her affection for that baby, why it was simply wonderful. "Give me my chile," she would say, and the two would go off together for hours, perfectly peaceful and happy. The two boys were taught manners by her, quite sharply sometimes, but they were loved and guarded and trained by their "old blind Mammy," as they called her, (she had, through an accident, lost the sight of one eye), but they knew if they did what was wrong, Mammy saw them better than most people did with two eyes.

But when the children were sick, then she showed her faithful heart, and her excellent sense as well. Wise, soothing in her manner to me and to the sick child, she was like a rock of defense against the enemy. Utterly forgetful of her own self as long as the child needed her, nothing would induce her to go to her own bed at night unless she knew that her patient was sleeping quietly and she was no longer needed. "I will go presently," she said, and then stayed on until she was satisfied all was well. Of course, she had her peculiarities, as who has not? Her cooking was her tender spot, and she did not like anyone to interfere with or to try to teach her anything about what she was making. "I done teach you, and now you are trying to teach me," was the way she felt about it, and so I generally let her alone; but it was a trial sometimes, especially when she flung open the oven door upon my cake because, as she said, she had to see how her corn bread was getting on. She was jealous of my making the cake was the real reason. Occasionally she was inclined to be a bit out of humor; but I was perfectly willing to overlook that, as I knew her heart was always in the right place.

All the friends of the family knew and liked Mammy Louisa, and she was always introduced formally to any stranger who came to the house, with as much care as any other member of the family. When there was such an arrival, she would run out to her room, slip on a clean white head handkerchief and apron, and come into the parlor to be introduced, probably bringing one of the children with her, drop a curtsy to the guest, and go out again, but she had her share in welcoming the stranger.

The girls of the family and their friends were devoted to Mammy, and she would tease them and dance for them, and give them advice about matrimony, which was generally, like that of Mr. Punch of English fame, "Don't." She often said, "I don't approve of gettin' married, nohow; and I ain't never been to the weddin' of my own chilluns." She had mighty little confidence in men, I am sorry to say. She seemed to think much more of women, and what they did and had to do. As she said: "It ain't the weddin' breakfast as

makes the difference, it's all the other breakfasts as comes afterwards." Could anything express better what we have all felt?

I have spoken of her peculiar instinct which seemed to amount almost to a sixth sense with her. Here is an illustration of it which struck me as being peculiar at the time. One day Mammy and I met at the back steps, she coming from the kitchen and I from the parlor. "Where are the children, Mammy?" I asked. "I don't know," she said, "I was jes' comin' to look for them." She scented the air, just as a dog might have done, and then made a bee line down the avenue. I looked about for a while, called the children several times, and then followed Mammy's fast-disappearing figure.

After a while I heard an exclamation from her, and then saw two tiny, pathetic figures coming up the avenue toward us, my eldest boy leading the little one (both in pinafores), the baby crying and rubbing his eyes and face, both of which were streaked and dirty. "Where have you been?" we asked in a breath, as Mammy picked the baby up and trotted off with him to the house, not pausing for any explanations. "I just took Bubba down to see a fower I saw this mornin' when I was drivin' wif Daddy," was the answer, "but Bubba fell down and hurted himself, and kyed, and I brought him home," and we followed after Mammy, but she heeded us not until she had put her baby to bed, fed and comforted him, and then the older boy got scolded for frightening us so badly. Now the point of this story is: How did Mammy know where those two children were, for apparently she did? As she would express it, she "jes' took out" down the avenue, and there they were! I didn't, and I have often wondered since how she knew more about them than I did.

Dear Mammy! It is hard to stop talking about her when so many other stories of her worth and character come to my memory. I suppose she was just a warm-hearted, intelligent woman, who had done her duty all her life, until, to those who knew her, she became one of the blessings of this life, a trusted servant and a true friend. Mammy Louisa died in September, 1906, a long time ago, but she has never been forgotten either by her nurslings or by her mistress.

ME AND MAMMY.

Me and Mammy know a child
About my age and size
Who, Mammy says, won't go to heaven
'Cause she's so grown and wise.

She answers "Yes" and "No" just so
When folks speak to her,
And laughs at Mammy and at me
When I say "Ma'am" and "Sir."

And Mammy says the reason why
This child's in such a plight
Is 'cause she's had no Mammy dear
To raise her sweet and right;

To stand between her and the world,
With all its old sad noise,
And give her baby heart a chance
To keep its baby joys.

Then Mammy draws me close to her
And says: "The lord be praised,
Here's what I calls a decent chile,
'Cause hit's been Mammy-raised."

—Howard Weeden.



INTERIOR OF OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH, PETERSBURG, VA.

VISITING OLD BATTLE FIELDS.

BY AXEL AXELSON, CHICAGO, ILL.

Last summer I drove down to Maryland and Virginia on a short vacation trip, just a jolly camping trip, putting up my tent at nightfall wherever I happened to be and being off again at sunrise. My pleasure jaunt took me to the land beyond the mountains where the South begins, where I saw quaint old houses and met genial, old-fashioned, kindly people, and where I suddenly became aware that I was in the midst of historic memories, tragic and gloriously stirring. Over these self-same roads and fields had marched as brave a host as ever lived, the Army of Northern Virginia! After an altogether too short a stay in this wonderland, I returned to my work a far more thoughtful being than I was when starting out, and all through the year the longing grew to once again visit those scenes of bygone days, when the now so peaceful fields and mountains were ablaze with gunfire and brave men made the last great sacrifice for what they believed to be the right.

Summer came again and in the latter part of June I started once more, this time not on a pleasure journey, but rather to learn how to live, to learn how to die. If ever that lesson is strongly brought home, it is when the traveler arrives at McConnellsville, Pa., and ascends the Tuscarora Mountain and on over South Mountain to Chambersburg, Cashtown, and other historic places on the road over which the men of the South passed on those eventful June days of 1863. To-day the Chambersburg road is one fine strip of concrete over which the motorist drives with ease. How different it was in the days of 1863! The dusty, perhaps rain-soaked, muddy road, the burning sun, the hungry, thirsting soldiers, footsore and oftentimes ragged, struggling along, onward, onward, to where duty called, to a "rendezvous with death." And to my mind came the words of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee: "No earthly mandate can compel men to leave their firesides, families, and friends, and embrace death with rapture, unless their God-given consciences stamp with approval the motives which control their conduct."

And so it came that on the evening of June 30, I pitched my tent on a sun-baked plot of ground just west of the little stone cottage on Seminary Ridge known as General Lee's Headquarters. Better camping quarters could have been found by those who might seek physical comfort and ease, but to me that barren lot spoke of memories that made a nation's history just sixty-three years ago that very evening of June 30.



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

General Lee's Headquarters was situated, as is well known, on the old Chambersburg Turnpike, about one mile west of Gettysburg, and but a short distance from Seminary Ridge, or as it is now called, Confederate Avenue. The little stone

building occupied by the famous General is now a sort of museum, the owner of which lives with his family in the rear part of the house. The "museum" contains a few pistols, a saber or two, some old prints and—a saucer filled with human



OLD LUTHERAN SEMINARY ON THE RIDGE.

teeth picked up on the battle field! But, in the main, it is now a store in which souvenirs (made in Japan) and a varied assortment of view cards and booklets on the battle of Gettysburg are sold. In this place, now crowded with babbling, chattering, heedless sight-seers, buying post cards, souvenirs, and milk, the silver-haired chief of the Confederate army spent hours and hours of anxious vigil, of deep agony. His men, his officers, his loyal friends, all were falling. His orders, his plans were not being carried out, and yet upon him was the heavy responsibility. Even to the callous tourist it should be possible to visualize the noble, gray-clad figure, pacing up and down the road those nights of uncertainty, awaiting word from Stuart, awaiting word from troops slow in coming up. I wonder how many felt as I did that this place was being desecrated by a souvenir hawker. Still, it was there that I, for the first time saw the battle flag of the Confederate States waving in the soft evening breeze. In front of the headquarters are three flagstaves, the one in the center bearing the colors of the United States and those at right and left of it the Southern battle flag. Directly across the road a marker is erected, a cannon, designating the field beyond as that occupied by the headquarters staff. It is just west of Seminary Ridge, and at the time of the battle was an apple orchard. The camping ground for tourists is on the lot adjoining the Headquarters, between the Chambersburg road and the "Tapeworm" Railroad cut, the scene of bloody combat, July 1, 1863.

The following morning, July 1, I walked over the ground of the first day's battle. Down Chambersburg road toward Willoughby Run, to McPherson's Ridge, on the left, and there, still standing, and restored where needed, is the McPherson barn, a place used as a hospital by both sides on that fateful day. Proceeding southward to the Hagerstown Road, one passes various monuments and markers. Turning eastward, I came to a grove where General Reynolds was killed. Beyond is the ridge now called Reynolds Avenue, and here are to be found other monuments giving names of Union regiments that defended this ridge before retreating through Gettysburg. Again we come to the Chambersburg Road and continue east to Seminary Ridge. Speaking about the death of General Reynolds, a government guard patrolling Reynolds Avenue told me that no one knows just where the general was killed. It might have been near the McPherson

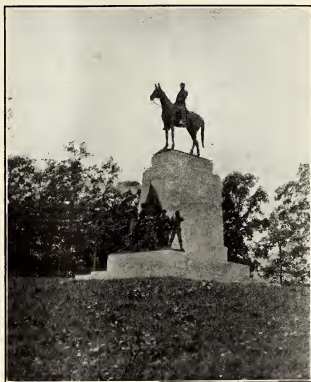
house, or most anywhere. He further stated that a Confederate veteran visiting there had claimed to be the man who shot the General. I remember reading something like that in the VETERAN some months ago.

Arriving at Seminary Ridge, I noticed at the southeast corner of the Ridge and the Chambersburg Road the breastworks erected by Rodes's men. Continuing south along the Ridge a short distance, I came to the famous old Seminary building, used as observation tower by both sides. From its cupola a splendid view may be had of the surrounding country. The attendant told me that it was here that the Union General Buford summoned General Reynolds on the morning of July 1, and instructed him to ride to the front and search out the movements of the Confederates. General Reynolds left the Seminary, and forty-five minutes later was dead.

Near the Hagerstown Road intersection is a semi-battery of Confederate artillery stationed, pointing toward Gettysburg and defending the road. There also is the Schultz house, very little of which is now in its original state. Beyond lie the Schultz woods. All along the eastern side of the Ridge are batteries of Confederate artillery, each battery having its own marker. On the west side of the Ridge, beneath the trees, the reserve artillery was placed, and here the old Whitworth guns stand, black and threatening, behind stone breastworks. Trees all around, and through the beautiful bright green foliage the morning sun speckles with gold the silent monsters. But their silence is eloquent. Their muzzles are pointing grimly toward Cemetery Hill over yonder. Confederate Avenue, as the Ridge is named, is a most charming place. A road bordered by tall shade trees, with a beautiful view of the fields and heights to the east, the battle field, and yet, in this enchanting spot, death took a heavy toll when shot and shell tore through these woods.

Proceeding south, quite suddenly I came to a clearing, and here is erected a splendid monument to the honor and memory of Robert E. Lee, a most stately and striking memorial. The guard stationed at this monument informed me that it was at this spot that Pickett's celebrated charge began. The story goes that just here, a little to the south of the monument, General Lee sat on his horse and watched the charge. And it was beneath the concealing foliage of the trees at his right that the men who composed the charging columns formed before marching boldly out into the hellfire from Cemetery Hill and Round Top. West of the road, south of the monument, is a tablet marking the site of General Pickett's headquarters. Soon we arrive at the wheat field near the Emmits-

I follow the march of Hood's Brigade onward until I arrive at the "Devil's Den," where the men of Georgia, Alabama, and Texas freely gave of their hearts' blood, gloriously honoring their States and their flag. If those bowlders could



LEE—AT GETTYSBURG.

but tell their wondrous story, the story of men who gamely held out under the fierce fire of forty guns on Round Top; the story of the sharpshooter boy who died, unwittingly abandoned by his retreating comrades after suffering no one knows how long, in that very crevice I was then looking into. And to me came the better understanding of what patriotism means. The Blue and the Gray on the 3rd of July, 1863, gave the world the grandest example of patriotic devotion and soldierly valor. The Finnish poet, Runeberg, has written a verse that came to my mind at that moment and which aptly illustrates and expresses the sentiments of those American men:

"If we could dwell in splendor bright,
'Mid gold-clouds in the blue,
And life-long dance in starry light,
Where tears nor sighs could bring their blight
Yet to this land we'd turn anew,
With longing ever true."



HIGHWATER MARK—WHERE ARMISTEAD FELL.

burg Turnpike, and to the right is a plain, whitewashed, dilapidated barn, or one-story shack. But this unpretentious shelter was the headquarters of Gen. James Longstreet during the bloody days of July 1, 2, 3.

From the Devil's Den, into a little valley, and then up the steep sides of Little Round Top. Upon its summit stands the bronze figure of General Warren, Warren, the man who detected in the distance the gray column of Hood's men making their way around to Little Round Top, which at that moment was practically undefended. He instantly calls for reinforcements and saves the Union line which otherwise would have been rolled up by the onstorming Confederates, and, yet—when at that last, heartbreaking retreat of the Army of Northern Virginia two years later, when General Lee gained a few hours by slipping through General Warren's troops, Warren was relieved of his command by Sheridan and was not allowed

thereby to participate in the Grand Review at Washington after the close of the war!

Northward again toward Gettysburg, and at the left, near the center of the Union line, I came to an odd group of trees, from their shape called "umbrella trees." Around them is an iron fence, and in front a monument, an open book; it is the "Highwater Mark." Here was the salient in the Union line marked by General Lee as the objective of Pickett's great charge. The "umbrella trees" were to be the point of attack. Here that heroic attack failed; here was the turning point of the war. Just beyond the fence is a monument erected to the memory of the brave Armistead. Across the fields a mile away, the knightly figure of Lee sits his horse, as he probably sat there that disastrous but world-famous day, waiting, waiting, for the counter attack that never came.

The day is nearly done, but a day never to be forgotten. A brief visit to the Cemetery and Culp's Hill, and then back to camp.

Left camp early the following morning, driving down the Hagerstown road, over which the Confederate army retreated, and on to Hagerstown. Thence to Boonesboro and Antietam-Sharpsburg. The road leads over "Bridge Two," or the center of the Union position. It is almost impossible to believe that it cost the lives of hundreds of men to cross that shallow, narrow, and muddy Antietam Creek. Beyond the bridge is

part of an hour before asking for needed information. I was told that the house had been torn down in 1869. A bridge now crosses the site of the old house, and there is a tablet on it in commemoration of a great "canard."

I went over to Surrattsville (now called Clinton) in Maryland, and visited the old tavern kept by Mrs. Surratt; a

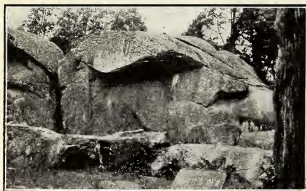


ANTIETAM CREEK.

family is now living in it. There is a hall running through the center, at the far end of which is a graceful, old-fashioned stairway leading to the guest rooms in the upper story. Just inside the door in the hall, upon the wall, is a large Confederate flag of the early design—Stars and Bars—on which the lady of the house had sewn all the thirteen stars into the blue field, instead of leaving it with only the original seven.

The drive to Washington was uneventful. From there I went over to Arlington, made a visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and to the Confederate cemetery, and then my second visit at the mansion of General Lee. The dignified architecture and interior of that beautiful mansion designates it as the home of a true Southern gentleman, and it will ever remain a shrine to the memory of a Virginia chevalier without fear and without reproach. For once the bus loads of sight-seers were silent. The influence of a great soul still pervades those deserted rooms. The visitor involuntarily speaks in a low voice; he walks gently through the rooms and halls, through this home of happy as well as bitter memories. The sun is brightly shining, the magnolia trees are in bloom, and beyond the glittering Potomac is a grand view of the nation's capital.

A visit to Alexandria, where I had the great pleasure of



DEVIL'S DEN TO-DAY.

the house and outbuildings of Dr. Piper, whose cornfield at the right of the road was the scene of terrific strife. In that cornfield the men of D. H. Hill's Brigade, of Jackson's Corps, met the foe with cold steel. A little farther on is the "Bloody Angle" where corpses lay three deep in the sunken road. Of the famous Dunkard Church nothing but a pile of stones remain. On this field, as on so many others, the names of Jackson and Longstreet are ever present. I follow the line of retreat through Sharpsburg to Shepherdstown, and turn down to Harper's Ferry, first passing through Charles Town, where, in the present courthouse, John Brown was tried and sentenced. The place of his execution is marked by a stone in the yard adjoining a residence on a side street. At Harper's Ferry the old engine house, the scene of Brown's futile defense, has been moved away from its original site, and is now shown to the curious, up on the hill, in a sort of garden. Down at the river front, near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad bridge, the site of the old arsenal buildings is shown by white stones set into the ground. Perhaps many a still living veteran remembers that much-fought-over parcel of land.

Driving through the mountains, Frederick, Md. is soon reached. I wanted to see the house of Whittier's mythical heroine, Barbara Fritchie, and hunted for it during the better



THE OLD SURRATT TAVERN.

meeting a Confederate veteran, Mr. Edgar Warfield, Sr., of Company H, 17th Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, a gentleman eighty-two years of age, but vigorous and as mentally active as any man forty years younger, a

most charming personality. Mr. Warfield is a druggist in Alexandria and has lived there all his days. He generously gave me, the stranger, much of his time and related many an interesting anecdote from the days of the War between



LITTLE ROUND TOP AS IT IS TO-DAY.

the States. He was present at Antietam, and his company was posted near the "Burnside Bridge."

After a visit to Mount Vernon, Annapolis, Baltimore, and Frederick, the trip homeward began. My vacation had ended, but the memories will survive the years to come.

So ends my story, but the story written upon those battle fields shall never die. The glory of those men who there gave their lives shall never end. Once more I quote the words of Fitzhugh Lee: "There was no 'passion-swept mob rising in mad rebellion against constituted authority,' but armies whose ranks were filled by men whose convictions were honest, and whose loyalty to the Southern cause was without fear and without reproach—men who remained faithful to military duty in the conflict between fidelity to the Confederate banners or adherence to the trust assumed in the marriage vow; who resisted the pressure of letters from home, and whose heartstrings were breaking from the sad tale of starvation and despair in the family homestead. As the hostile invasion swept over more territory, the more frequent the appeals came, marked by the pathos and power which agony inspires, until the long silence told the soldier his home was within his enemy's lines and the fate of his family was concealed from his view.

"Under such conditions the private soldier of the South promptly fell into line. If saved from the dangers of the contest, his reward was the commendation of his immediate commanding officers and the conscientiousness of duty faithfully

performed. If drowned amid the hail of shot and shell, his hastily buried body filled a nameless grave, without military honors and without religious ceremonies. No pages of history recounted in lofty language his courage on the field or his devotion to his country, or described how, like a soldier, he fell in the forefront of battle. His battle picture, ever near the flashing of the guns, should be framed in the memory of all who admire true heroism, whether found at the cannon's mouth, or in the blade of the cavalry, or along the blazing barrels of the infantry. There he stood, with the old, torn slouch hat, the bright eye, the cheek colored by exposure and painted by excitement, the face stained with powder, with jacket rent, trousers torn, and the blanket in shreds, printing in the dust of battle the tracks of his shoeless feet. No monument can be built high enough to commemorate the memory of a typical representative private soldier of the South."

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

STEPHEN HOPKINS, RHODE ISLAND.

Many a man's place in history is founded upon a sentence in which he struck the current nail on the head. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," "Give me liberty or give me death," and "I have not yet begun to fight," have proved the touchstones of undying fame for their authors.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which will be commemorated by the Sesquicentennial International Exposition in Philadelphia this year, was Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, whose remark upon appending his signature to the historic document deserves more fame than it has won.

"Sir, your hand trembles," challenged a bystander, as Hopkins, with unsteady hand, took up the pen to sign the Declaration.

"True, sir, but my heart does not," was the reply.

He was nearly seventy years of age, but his answer made no apology for physical disability. That his spirit was indomitable in spite of obstacles is evidenced in the accounts of his life. He was self-taught, but in time came to be Chancellor of Brown University. He was bred a farmer, but served as governor of Rhode Island for a number of terms.

He did not find public life incompatible with study. He left the farm to engage in mercantile business and surveying, the first steps in a career which was to lead him into Colonial prominence.

Being advanced in years during the stirring times of 1775-76, he was able to give to affairs of the Colonies the accumulated wisdom of a man who has passed through strenuous political history. He was a clear and convincing speaker, and used his influence in favor of decisive measures. He was a member of the committee which drafted the Articles of Confederation.

Hopkins's first public office was that of Justice of the Peace. He later was a member of the Rhode Island Legislature, Speaker of the Assembly, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, a delegate to the Colonial Convention at Albany in 1754, one of the committee which



RUINS OF OLD CHURCH AT JAMESTOWN.

drew up a plan of union, and, finally, a member of the First Continental Congress.

EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

Three of the four South Carolina signers of the Declaration of Independence were captured by the British in the fall of Charleston and were imprisoned for a time at St. Augustine, Fla.

Edward Rutledge, one of these, was born in the famous old Southern city, and read law in the office of his brother, John. He completed his legal studies in England, where he was entered at the Temple. He returned home and was beginning to attain distinction in his profession when he was called to the First Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

He continued a member until 1777, taking an active part in debates. He was a member of the first Board of War and was one of the committee to confer with Lord Howe, one of the British Commissioners.

When South Carolina became the theater of war, Rutledge commanded a company of artillery which succeeded in dislodging a party of regular troops from Port Royal Island. When Charleston was taken by the enemy in 1780, he suffered a year's confinement at St. Augustine before he was exchanged.

When he finally returned home he resumed the practice of law. In the South Carolina Legislature he drew up the act for the abolition of the rights of primogeniture. He was opposed to the further increase of African slavery in the South and was an untiring advocate of the Federal Constitution.

He was subsequently colonel of a regiment of artillery. He was elected governor and declined a seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

The name of Edward Rutledge, with those of Thomas Lynch, Jr., Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Arthur Middleton, is inscribed on the bronze tablet, one of thirteen on as many columns, which were dedicated to the memory of the signers of the Declaration of Independence on Flag Day in the Sesquicentennial city.—*From a series issued by the Sesquicentennial Publicity Department.*

GEN. R. E. LEE, THE PEERLESS SOLDIER—III.

BY JOHN PURIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.
CHANCELLORSVILLE BATTLES.

Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, the Army of Northern Virginia was permitted to prepare rude shacks for protection from the severe cold of the Virginia winter. Jackson's force was extended from Massaponox Creek as far as Port Royal, his own headquarters being at a hunting lodge on the lawn of Mr. Corbin, at Moss Neck, eleven miles below Fredericksburg. Longstreet's force was encamped along the river from Massaponox to a short distance above Fredericksburg. Lee's headquarters were a short distance back from Hamilton's Crossing. Most of the artillery was sent back several miles in the rear for convenience of supply, some to North Anna River, some to Bowling Green, Milford, etc. Each battery sought a pine thicket, on the south side of which rude sheds were built for the protection of the horses.

Although near Richmond, the army was poorly clothed, fed, and shod in spite of Lee's persistent efforts. Since the 28th of April, 1862, the meat ration had been reduced from twelve to eight ounces per man per day, and a small extra allowance of flour was given. On January 23, 1863, a further reduction was ordered by the Commissary General to four ounces of salt meat, with one-fifth of a pound of sugar. This condition brought forth the following letter from General Lee on March 27:

"The men are cheerful, and I receive but few complaints, still I do not consider it enough to maintain them in health and vigor, and I fear they will be unable to endure the hardships of the approaching campaign. Symptoms of scurvy are appearing among them, and, to supply the place of vegetables each regiment is directed to send a daily detail to gather sassafras buds, wild onions, garlic, lamb's quarter, and poke sprouts; but for so large an army, the supply obtained is very small."

This complaint of General Lee is backed by numerous others from subordinates as to food, clothing, shoes, blankets, overcoats, etc. On Jackson's one hundred and fifty mile march from the vicinity of Winchester, during the last days of November, the writer saw his friend, Corp. Joe Blankinship, wearing shoes having only the back part, the fronts having been worn entirely off, the heel only of each foot being protected by leather from the frozen ground; for during that march it rained several days, and changed to ice as it fell. My shoes were no better, but we were but two of thousands whose condition was no better, perhaps worse. I remember with a great deal of satisfaction that, soon after reaching the vicinity of Fredericksburg, it was my good fortune to be supplied with a good overcoat of English goods, brought in by a blockade runner. This coat was worn night and day during cold weather.

A great deal of the suffering for food was due to insufficient railroad transportation. It was this great need of rations for the coming summer which impelled the War Department to send Longstreet, with two divisions, for a campaign in the vicinity of Suffolk, the purpose being to collect forage and provisions from counties near the Federal lines. It was a dangerous experiment, for it forced Lee to meet Hooker with a greatly inferior force in numbers, as will be seen.

Hooker, with pardonable pride, referred to his army when it took the field as "the finest army on the planet." On April 30 it consisted of 8 corps, 23 divisions, 64 brigades, 133,711 men, 74 batteries, 404 guns.

The nearest Confederate return was for March 21. This, however, is not entirely complete for the artillery and cavalry, but, estimating for them, Lee's strength at that date was: 2 corps, 7 divisions, 30 brigades, 56,444 men, 54 batteries, 228 guns. Allowing for 3,500 reinforcements during the month of April, Lee's whole force was about 60,000, of whom some 57,000 were infantry and artillery.

Both Lee and Hooker planned to take the initiative. Hooker knew he had double Lee's infantry and great superiority in artillery and desired only to get at Lee away from his breastworks. Lee's proposed campaign was another invasion, this time of Pennsylvania. Both Lee and Jackson saw great possibilities beyond. On the night of the 29th of April, Hooker laid pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock, below Deep Run, where Franklin had crossed in the previous December.

Hooker, however, began his movement on the 27th by going with the Fifth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Corps, crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, twenty-seven miles above Fredericksburg. A picket at this point was driven off; a pontoon bridge was laid, and the whole force, about 42,000 men, was across the river on the 29th, when the Sixth Corps under Sedgwick was crossing in front of Jackson. Hooker immediately pushed his force from Kelly's to Germanna and Ely's fords on the Rapidan, and the troops forded, although the water was nearly shoulder deep, reaching Chancellorsville next morning. Hooker, in eighty-four hours, had made about forty-five miles, crossed two rivers, and had established a force of 54,000 infantry and artillery upon Lee's

flank at Chancellorsville. Thus, naturally elated, he issued an order congratulating his troops, and announced that now "the enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." He had said to those about him that evening: "The rebels are now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them."

Lee first learned, on the morning of the 30th, that Hooker had half of his army at Chancellorsville, while most of the remainder was in his front. By all the rules of the game, one-half or the other should be at once attacked. After due consideration, Lee determined to attack Hooker before he could leave Chancellorsville. Early's division, Barksdale's Brigade, Pendleton's Artillery Reserve, and the Washington Artillery, about 10,000 men, were left about Fredericksburg.

About midnight on the 30th, Jackson marched from Hamilton's Crossing with his three remaining divisions under A. P. Hill, Rodes, and Colston, and was joined on the road by Lee near Tabernacle Church after daylight, with Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, and Anderson's and three brigades of McLaws's Division were found here fortifying. The digging was stopped by Jackson. The organizations enumerated numbered nearly 40,000 men which Lee had in hand to attack Hooker at Chancellorsville, where Hooker had about 72,000 infantry and artillery and was entrenching himself.

Chancellorsville is about a mile within the limits of a tract known as the Wilderness. The original forest had been cut for charcoal many years before and replaced by thick and tangled smaller growth. A few clearings were interspersed and a few small creeks drained it. Chancellorsville was merely a brick residence at an important junction of roads, with a considerable clearing on the west. Three roads ran toward Fredericksburg: the old Turnpike most directly; the Plank Road to its right, but uniting with the Turnpike at Tabernacle Church—about half way; the River Road to the left, by a roundabout course passing near Bank's Ford on the Rappahannock.

Hooker's line of battle ran from Chancellorsville about two miles northeastward to the Rappahannock, covering United States Ford. Westward it covered the Plank Road for about three miles, ending in a short offset northward. Intrenchment was quickly done by cutting abatis, or an entanglement, in front, and throwing up slight parapets or piling breastworks of logs. About 11 A.M., Hooker ordered his troops to move out on the three roads toward Fredericksburg and establish a line in the open country beyond the Wilderness.

Lee disposed Anderson's Division for an advance, covering both the Pike and Plank roads, and, with Jackson's three divisions, followed the Plank Road. Thus the two armies were marching toward each other. When the clash occurred, Hooker immediately ordered all his troops to return to their positions near Chancellorsville. He realized from the vigorous manner of Lee's approach, and from the sounds of battle already heard, that it was Lee's determination to attack. He had so confidently expected Lee to retreat without a battle that, finding him so quick to take the aggressive, he lost his nerve, and took himself to his entrenchments around Chancellorsville where he could play on the defensive. He had seen in December the great advantage which only slight breastworks could confer, and his retrograde movement was made to get the advantage of acting on the defensive. Even under these conditions, he said to Couch: "It is all right, Couch, I have got Lee just where I want him. He must fight me on my own ground."

Lee determined to lose no time in finding how and where he might attack. Until nightfall the skirmishers were pushed forward everywhere in order to locate the exact Federal lines. Lee briefly gives the result in his report:

"The enemy had assumed a position of great natural strength, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest filled with tangled undergrowth, in the midst of which breastworks of logs had been constructed, with trees felled in front, and commanding the adjacent woods."

Hooker had maneuvered Lee out of his position without a battle. In the midst of the discomfiting conditions, Fitzhugh Lee, who held the extreme left of the Confederate cavalry, had also reconnoitered the enemy and had discovered that his right flank was in the air. The one chance left Lee was to pass undiscovered entirely across the Federal front and turn his right flank. This would be attended with great hazard. No risks appalled the heart of Lee, either of odds or position or of both combined. His supreme faith in his army was only equalled by his army in him. The decision to attack was quickly made and preparations begun. Wilcox's Brigade was ordered to Banks's Ford to hold that position.

Hooker ordered Reynolds's Corps to leave Sedgwick and join the army at Chancellorsville, and reached the latter place before noon by the way of United States Ford. Anderson's four remaining brigades, with McLaws's three, were ordered to entrench during the night. Jackson, with his three divisions, his own artillery, and Alexander's battalion of Longstreet's Corps, was assigned to make the march through the Wilderness and turn Hooker's right.

Lee himself would remain with McLaws's and Anderson's troops and occupy the enemy while the long march was made. Cheering was forbidden, and stringent measures taken to keep the column closed. Fitz Lee, with his cavalry, would precede the infantry and cover the flank. Two hours after sunrise, Lee, standing by the roadside, watched the head of the column march by and exchanged with Jackson the last few words ever to pass between them. Rodes's Division led the column, Colston's Division followed, and A. P. Hill's brought up the rear.

Jackson's march led by the crossroads near the Catherine Furnace, thence southward for two miles before turning west and striking the Brock Road within another mile. At the crossroads the line of march was nearest the Federal lines and most exposed. Here the 23d Georgia Regiment, of Colquitt's Brigade, Rodes's Division, was left to cover the rear. When the line of march reached the Brock Road, it turned northward for about a mile, and then, doubling back upon itself, it took a wood road running a trifle west of north, nearly parallel to the Brock Road itself, and running back into it about three miles north of where it was first entered.

Where the Brock Road crossed the Plank Road, the column halted, while Fitzhugh Lee took Jackson to the front to a point whence he could see the Federal lines, with arms stacked, in bivouac behind their entrenchments, and utterly unconscious of the proximity of an enemy.

Serving in Reese's Alabama Battery, part of Carter's Battalion of artillery, as soon as the halt was made, I distinctly remember seeing Jackson and Fitz Lee ride up that long red hill, behind which the Confederate troops were halted, and, as they approached the crest, heard the volley that was rattled at them by the few Federal cavalry videttes on guard. There was but a brief delay, when Jackson and Lee returned to the Confederate line of resting troops.

Until that moment it was not known certainly where Jackson would attack, but he now saw that by following the Brock Road about, some writers say a mile others say two

miles, farther he would get upon the old Turnpike beyond the enemy's flank, and could take it in the rear. So the march was resumed to reach that position. Paxton's Brigade of Colston's Division was here detached and placed with the cavalry in observation on the Plank Road, and did not rejoin its division until midnight.

The movement of Jackson's force, though detected by the enemy, was misunderstood. "No one could conceive that Lee would deliberately plan so unwise a move as this was conceived to be—dividing his army under the enemy's nose." About a mile from Chancellorsville was a settlement called Hazel Grove, on a cleared ridge. From this ridge, about 8 A.M., Birney, of Sickles's Corps, discovered a column of infantry, trains, and artillery, passing his front. He brought up a battery and opened on the trains at a range of 1,600 yards, causing it much confusion, and compelling it to find other routes around the exposed point. Jackson sent a battery to reply and check the enemy from advancing. Sickles went to Birney's position and saw Jackson's column.

After reporting it as he saw it, he received orders from Hooker at noon to advance cautiously toward the road followed by the Confederates and attack the column. Sickles advanced Birney's Division, which engaged and captured the 23rd Georgia Regiment. The two rear brigades under Thomas and Archer, with Brown's Battalion of Artillery, were halted for an hour in observation, but were not engaged, and then followed on after the column. They were only able to overtake it, however, after night.

After reaching the turnpike, and while the battle formation was in process, the accompanying artillery that had reached the scene with the advanced division was placed in position in an open field on the right. It was about 4 P.M. when Rodes's Division began its deployment on both sides of the turnpike, beyond Hooker's right, in the tangled forest; and it was nearly 6 P.M. when the twelve brigades now in Jackson's column had formed into two lines of battle. About half of each division, was on each side of the pike, and two Napoleons of Breathead's Horse Artillery stood in the pike ready to follow the skirmishers. Two hundred yards behind Colston, A. P. Hill had deployed Pender on the left of the pike. Lane, McGowan, and Heth were coming in column down the pike: Archer and Thomas were following, but some miles behind.

Along the front of Lee's line the six brigades of Anderson and McLaws, aided by their artillery, had spent the day in more or less active skirmishing and cannonading with the enemy. (The reader should remember that Lee and Jackson were, at this time, several miles apart, say five to seven by the nearest route; but along this route Hooker was located, with 90,000 well-equipped troops; Lee's and Jackson's combined force did not exceed 40,000 and they had no communication except by messengers, and these had to travel a circuitous, uncertain, and dangerous route of many miles in length.)

About 6 P.M., Jackson gave Rodes, commanding the leading line the signal to move forward. Maj. Eugene Blackford, commanding the well-trained sharpshooters of Rodes's Division, at the instance of General Rodes, ordered his bugler to sound the signal for the advance; this was given in a clear, ringing musical note, and it was taken up and repeated by each brigade bugler to the right and left, when the skirmishers moved forward, followed by the battle formation. The bugle sounds seem, however, to have been lost in the dense forest, as no Federal reports make mention of them.

Their first intimation of anything unusual was given by wild turkeys, foxes, and deer, startled by the long lines of infantry and driven through the Federal camps. These were immediately followed by shots from the Federal pickets,

and then Breathead's guns on the pike opened and were soon followed by Confederate volleys and yells. The Federal right was held by Von Gilsa's Brigade of four regiments, about 1,400 strong, which was formed with half facing south and half facing west. They submitted to three volleys, but by that time the Confederate lines were enveloping their flanks, and an enfilade and reverse fire was being poured upon them. Only prompt flight could save the brigade from annihilation. It took to its heels and made its escape, after the third volley, and two guns and Von Gilsa were captured.

McLean's Brigade, the next to the Federal left, was quickly dissolved into a mass of fugitives, and two more guns serving with them were captured. The division commander and four or five regimental commanders were killed or wounded. For a while the fight degenerated into a foot race. The horse artillery kept nearly abreast and directed their fire principally at the Federal batteries, which endeavored to cover the retreat. Some of these, though fighting gallantly, were overrun and captured.

It so happened that five of Jackson's fifteen brigades (Thomas, Archer, Paxton, Colquitt, and Ramseur) were missing from his line of battle during the whole afternoon and, as A. P. Hill's four remaining brigades were not deployed, until after dark, only six brigades were in the attack and pursuit of the Eleventh Corps—to wit: O'Neal, Doles, and Iverson, of Rodes's Division, and Jones, Warren, and Nichols, of Colston's Division. The great advantage of the Confederates lay in their being able to bring the center of their line of battle against the flank of the Federal line.

Schurz's Division of two brigades was next in line of battle along the Plank Road with two batteries which took position and fired on the approaching Confederates. The mass of fugitives, with wagons, ambulances, beef cattle, etc., entirely overwhelmed Schurz's regiments, and they were, like the commands which preceded them, swept away by the irresistible Confederate avalanche. Next, at Dowdall's tavern, Melzi Chancellor's, was a line of rifle pits at right angles to the Plank Road, and occupied by Bushbeck's Brigade of Von Steinwehr's Division, the last of Howard's Corps. Three or four batteries were here established upon the line, and to them were rallied numbers of fugitives. When the Confederates approached in scattered condition, they met a severe fire. After a brisk fight of about twenty minutes, Colston's line merged into Rodes's, and the combined lines pushed forward everywhere. The Federal artillery, having foreseen the end, fled, and five guns, being too late, were captured.

Part of the flying Eleventh Corps diverged to the left by a road to the White House, called the Bullock Road. The total loss of Howard's Eleventh Corps was: Killed, 217; wounded, 1,221; missing 974; total, 2,412; only about 20 per cent of the corps. It was a trifling loss to what it might have been had all Jackson's troops been upon the field, and if Jackson's orders had been obeyed.

The Confederate casualties are not known, their returns consolidating all separate actions together.

The fighting of the day practically ceased. The Confederate troops were at the limit of exhaustion and disorganization. Daylight was fading fast, and commands badly intermingled. The pursuit was kept up for some distance, though there was no enemy in sight. The Turnpike and Plank roads united near Dowdall's Tavern, and a few hundred yards beyond the Bushbeck position, the merged roads, called the Plank Road, entered a large body of forest, closing on both sides of the road for nearly a mile before the open Chancellorsville plateau is reached.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE, U. C. V.

(Read at dedication of Tennessee's monument to the Women of the Confederacy.)

War has played the game of battles on the bloody field of Mars,
With Fate behind the mask of hope, for clashing Gray and Blue;
And beside its broken altars, one has furled its stars and bars—
The whitest flower of chivalry that heraldry e'er knew.

And the knighthood of the Southland kept the memory of its Cross,
Above the bitter lees of life the darkened years have quaffed;
For its spirit lives, invincible, beyond its woe and loss,
For its wassail bowl was valor and immortal truth the draught!

How they charged! the whole world wondered at the thrilling battle stroke,
In life's grandest panorama, like Crusaders they had come;
But knightlier far than legend e'er in song or story woke,
For their Cross and love and honor and their Holy Grail was Home!

What marvel, then, that nations heard and gave of their applause,
Before the clash of right with might, of principle with gold—
That cradle and the grave were robbed to swell the living cause,
That left upon the sodden field the grandest record told!

Fate won, and knew not mercy in that awful molten glare,
When the Southrons turned in sorrow from the smoking cannon's mouth,
But the arms of love were 'round them, and above a grim despair
Rose the voices of their vestals—faithful women of the South!

Theirs were the hands that tied the sash and girt the blade so bright,
Theirs were the hearts that fared them forth—the bravest of the brave!
Theirs were the feet that trod the loom from morn till weary night,
And theirs the love that knelt in faith beside a warrior's grave!

Far out upon the wrecks of love their cradle songs were cast—
The songs of nursing mothers, as they wept the blood-stained shields;
And hymned unto the boom of guns, the rattling of the blast.
Their days of youth lie buried on forgotten battle fields.

But they builded in the twilight of their hopes, and of their fears,
Love's memorial unto valor, that shall stand while time shall bide—
Blent of springtime's crimson roses and the purity of tears—
The Southron's glory-chaplet, for the victor's shaft denied.

And the wide world heard no murmur from the keepers of the shrine,

In the birth-throe of a nation nor the death-pang that it brought;
In the tending of the cypress that a faithful few will twine,
When Fate tramples down the laurels that a dauntless people sought.

Give the laurel to the victor—give the song unto the slain!
Give the Iron Cross of Honor, ere death lays the Southron down!
But give to these, soul proven, tried by fire and by pain,
A memory of their mother-love that pressed an iron crown!

TENNESSEE'S TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

An interesting occasion was the dedication of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday afternoon, October 10, this being Tennessee's tribute to those brave women who stood behind the men of her armies in the sixties. The unveiling ceremonies were impressively carried out in the War Memorial Auditorium, on account of the rain, and the speakers paid glowing tribute to the heroic women of the Confederacy and to the patriotic work of those who now represent them, the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The exercises were in charge of the three Confederate organizations of the State—Veterans, Daughters, and Sons. Judge John H. DeWitt, Commander of the Baxter Smith Camp, S. C. V., of Nashville, presided and introduced the speakers and distinguished guests. In the invocation, Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, voiced the feeling of the participants, who had come "in a mood of memory, with hearts beating to martial strains, to dedicate a shrine to the women of the Confederacy who had made men great, who had known no fear, and whose devotion had never counted the cost."

Gov. Austin Peay spoke on behalf of the Monument Commission of the State, and gave an appreciation of the women of those stirring days of war.

Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., explained the symbolism of the monument, which is a group of three figures. "The central figure represents Fame, crowning with laurel the woman of the South, who kneels by the side of the wounded Confederate soldier. Unconscious of Fame's recognition, the woman extends a palm branch to the boy Confederate, who still holds aloft his flag, though the staff is broken, and whose eyes are those of a seer looking into the future."

The program was enriched by the poem written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, for the occasion, and which she read in sympathetic voice.

The address of the occasion was given by J. L. Highsaw, of Memphis, Commander of the Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and it was high tribute to "the most valiant women the world has ever known, the women of the Confederacy."

Following the benediction by Dr. E. P. Dandridge, rector of Christ Church, the audience adjourned to the sunken garden of the War Memorial Park, where the monument has a commanding position, and it was unveiled by four little children of distinguished Confederate lineage—Alice Cheatham Hodgson, Henrietta Hickman, John Overton V, and Christopher McEwen Gooch. A salute was fired by Company B and Troop A, Confederate Veterans, as the veils were drawn.

The monument is the work of Belle Kinney, gifted Tennessee woman, now of New York, and the same design has

been used by several Southern States in paying honor to the women who helped to make their statehood great.

Confederate veterans of the State were behind the movement to pay this tribute to the women of the Confederacy. The bill was prepared by the present Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., Gen. John P. Hickman, and was introduced in the legislature of 1915 by Hon. W. B. Claiborne, another Confederate veteran of the State.

Prominent guests of the occasion were Mrs. Alexander B. White, Past President of the Tennessee Division, and also Past President General, U. D. C.; Past Presidents of the Tennessee Division, Mrs. Richard Sansom, of Knoxville; Mrs. Embrey Anderson, of Memphis; Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, Gallatin; and Mrs. Herbert Leech, of Clarksville. Many other prominent Daughters from over the State were present, among them being Mrs. Telfair Hodgson, of Sewanee, daughter of Gen. B. F. Cheatham; Mrs. W. W. Read, of New York, formerly of Tennessee, "who was the first woman north of the Mason and Dixon line to be elected to a general office, U. D. C."

REUNION OF MISSISSIPPI COMRADES.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was held at Corinth during September, 1926, with good attendance. In writing of this meeting, Capt. J. L. Collins, of Coffeeville, Miss., says: "First, I would state that the noble and generous-hearted people of Corinth went into the superlative in dispensing hospitality. We had in attendance something like three hundred old soldiers, including their wives and widows. Then came the Sons and U. D. C.'s, with the sponsored attachment for the Division, and the three brigade commands. We found the management, from city officials to every public institution, in full accord with a program that gave each an opportunity of extending us a welcome which made us all happy. And it may be said that not a single word of criticism and not a single accident marred the enjoyment of the occasion. So much were the people entranced at the decorum that the projectors of the movies had us to march around the court square, and doubtless this event will soon appear upon the screen to be seen by the world at large.

"After this parade, we were given an auto ride to the famous battle field of Shiloh, twenty miles away on the banks of the Tennessee River. Sixty-five years make a great difference in *terra firma* everywhere, but by drawing upon our vision and experience of war during four years, we could recall much that transpired on that fatal field. We saw the spot where so many of Coffeeville's distinguished citizens fell as martyrs to the cause of the South—even martyrs as our brave sires who fell in '76 for America's independence. The place where the greatest general of the Confederate army was taken wounded from his horse and laid at the base of a large tree is considered sacred ground and is inclosed by an iron railing. The cemetery is also inclosed substantially, and Uncle Sam has shown great respect by the care given to these graves, which are marked with white marble stones. All along the avenues leading to the river are significant tablets. On the first one at the entrance, I found, to my astonishment, the celebrated poem by a Southern soldier, Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, and known as 'The Bivouac of the Dead.' This poem was written just after the Mexican War, in which he served as a captain with my oldest brother and William Hunter, of Coffeeville, who was killed at Fishing Creek, a member of the Yalobusha Rifles."

As a special mark of appreciation, Capt. S. C. Trammell, Commander of Kemper County Camp, No. 1180 U. C. V., of

Scobba, Miss., asks the publication of the address of welcome made by the President of the Corinth Chapter, U. D. C., which follows:

"Mr. Chairman, General Wroten, Commanding, and All Officers and All Members of the Confederate Veterans of Mississippi: As President of the Corinth Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I have been commissioned by them to extend to you a sincere and affectionate welcome to our city. We are all rejoicing because you decided to hold this annual meeting here and are now in our midst, enthusiastically and ready to begin the work of this session of your beloved organization. We are hoping that every minute of your stay among us will be full and overflowing with pleasure and genial happiness, and we assure you that nothing will be left undone on our part which we can do to contribute to that successful result.

"As daughters of Confederate soldiers, we are proud of every one of you and of the glorious record you made in the dark and gloomy days from 1861 to 1865, when this country was shaken from center to circumference with the terrors of civil war. The record you then made has never been surpassed, if equaled, in all the annals of time. At the beginning of that awful conflict, the South was without an army, without a navy, without equipment, without a treasury and without a government; while we were confronted by a trained army, a disciplined navy, ample equipment, a full treasury, and an organized government which had already won the admiration and confidence of the other powers of the earth. With all these odds against us, because of the intrepid bravery of our matchless soldiers and the unparalleled skill and genius of our dashing and brilliant officers, you blazed a way along the highway of glory which not only amazed our contending foes, but commanded the admiration of all mankind. With the flight of years that glory remains undimmed and is a priceless heritage to every son and daughter in this Southland to-day.

"During the four years of this unequal and daring struggle, the South had enlisted in round numbers only 600,000 soldiers, while on the other side was enrolled in round numbers 2,000,000 men, drawn not only from the North, but from the other nations of the world. Behind these 600,000 brave men, however stood the prayers and sacrifices of the pure and beautiful women of the Southland. These combined were well-nigh invincible—in fact, were invincible—for we were never whipped, but simply wore ourselves out whipping the other fellows. When the war was ended, you returned home to find your homes devastated, your lands laid to waste, your possessions gone, but you were met by the undaunted women of the Southland, your wives and your daughters, and together with brave hearts and consecrated lives enlisted in the noble cause. We have seen the South rise from the ashes of destruction to its pristine glory and grandeur, and to-day it is marching forward as the vanguard of the highest, purest, and best civilization of this age and generation. Within our borders live the most chivalrous of men and beautiful of women. We shall never be able to show you by actions or express to you in words the gratitude we owe you for the lofty example you have given us, the sacrifices you have made for us, and the blessings you have showered upon us.

"Welcome you! Yes, a thousand times, even a million times, to our hearts and to our homes. The gates of our city, the homes of our community, and the hearts of our people are all wide open to you and every man, woman, and child within our borders, with outstretched hands, with open hearts, with affectionate regard and purest love, bid you welcome. The Daughters of the Confederacy feel honored by

your presence and wish for you the fullest happiness while here. As long as patriotism shall endure, chivalry be honored, and manhood admired, the Southern soldier will stand out at the pinnacle on the mountain top of glory and of fame, and be remembered, honored, and loved by his fellow countrymen. May God ever bless you and shield you in this life and give you a mansion in that city of God eternal in the heavens.

"Again, from the depths of our hearts, we bid you welcome to all we have and to all we are. Take full possession and enjoy the best."

CAVALRY COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

BY T. M. MOSELEY, WEST POINT, MISS.

It was in January, 1864, that W. E. Cox, of Clay County, Miss., being commissioned to raise a company of cavalry for service in the Confederate army, opened a recruiting camp at Siloam, seven miles west of West Point, and soon secured the enlistment of twelve or fifteen men and boys from this vicinity. Among the number the following names now occur to me, most of them having relatives and friends residing among us: Quincy Woodall, Charley Cottrell, Alex Wilsford, James F. Exum, Elisha Bennett, John Ward, Squire Clark, Porter Mealor, Frank Stacy, and J. F. Grace. More than sixty years have passed, and I alone am left of this company. All were good men and true, and I loved every one of them, and trust they are reunited in the Glory Land.

Our company was increased by recruits brought in by Lieutenants Duke and Goings from Chickasaw and Calhoun counties. At this time but few men capable of bearing arms were out of the army, hence the necessity of recruiting the company from this large section. The union of these gave the company a membership of about fifty men, composed of boys from fifteen to seventeen years of age, men from forty-five to fifty, and previously enlisted men of intermediate ages, who, having been discharged on account of sickness, wounds, etc., had recovered sufficiently for enlistment.

About this time a force of Federals, some eight or ten thousand strong, under command of General Smith, in a movement to pass through the State, reached West Point, spending only a single night in our little city, then having a population of only a few hundred. This was the only time the Federals ever occupied the town. Some of our good people will remember as children this night of fear and anxiety, with the Yankee soldiers everywhere, the first and, with most of them, the only ones they had ever seen. However, no homes were destroyed and but little pillaging done, and there was great rejoicing when the Confederates reoccupied the town the following morning. The Federals finding further advance barred by a large Confederate force, and to avoid an engagement, hastily retreated. To cover their retreat, they dispatched a large detachment with artillery to destroy the bridge across Sucatonchee, three miles west of town, beyond which the main body of our troops was encamped. 'Twas in the defense of this bridge that the company, or those having mounts and arms at that time, about fifteen in number, received its first experience under fire. The expedition failed, the bridge was saved, and pursuit of the retreating Federals over the dirt road toward West Point began.

This same highway, now used only for peaceful traffic and pleasure, then resounded with the roar of cannons. The company, at this time being unassigned, followed independently. The Federal retreat was rapid, but there was no

panic or rout. On the morning following the evacuation of our city, the company moved out very early, passing our forces still in camp along the roadside leading to Okolona, some twenty miles to the north of here, and becoming the advance guard.

We had proceeded but two or three miles when we came upon the rear guard of the enemy. Having little experience in such a situation, and not being strong enough to attack, we halted to decide upon a course of action and, while here, General Forrest, with about twenty men of his escort, came up; but not to halt as we had done, and almost before we could inform him of the close presence of the Yankees, he put his horse at full speed and charged upon them, followed closely by the company and escort, none able to keep up with him. We fought under General Forrest many times afterwards, but this was the only occasion I ever went into action by his immediate side, and it remains a pleasant memory.

The Federals continued their retreat to Memphis, whence they had come. After pursuing to near Pontotoc, we returned to our camp, completed the organization, and secured mounts and arms for all the men. The government supplied guns of the pattern in use by the infantry, being muzzle-loading, a very effective weapon at a range not exceeding two hundred yards, but inconvenient on the march; also saddles, bridles, etc., the men providing their mounts, privates receiving twenty-four dollars, and first sergeants as much as thirty-six dollars per month. This, in the currency of our government, varying in value from five to ten cents, as compared with the gold dollar. Still it served our purpose, and we had no complaints. It was the best our government could do, we were not mercenaries.

The company was officered as follows: W. E. Cox, captain; W. W. Goings, first lieutenant; B. B. Duke, second lieutenant; J. W. Clark, third lieutenant; T. M. Moseley, first sergeant; George Williams, second sergeant; Quincy Woodall, third sergeant, and other sergeants and corporals to the usual number, five of each. We received orders to join the 8th Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, Col. W. L. Duff commanding, then on an expedition into West Tennessee, and, pending its return, to go into the counties to the west, hunting out and destroying stills, and to arrest all deserters found. At that time many deserters from the army were hiding in that part of the State. After about two weeks employed in this work, we reached the regiment, then encamped near Verona, to which we had been assigned, and from that time forward our company was known as Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, and the history of this regiment to the end includes the company of Capt. W. E. Cox.

The following months until September were passed in North Mississippi, opposing the frequent Federal raids operating in that part of the State. The regiment during this period was brigaded with General Rucker, General Chalmers's Division. These, with other troops, under command of General Forrest, engaged in some severe fighting. At Brice's Crossroads, on June 10, it lost, killed and wounded, fifteen men, more than one-third of those engaged; among those killed being Lieutenant Going and Sergeant Williams. Of the wounded were Captain Cox and Lieutenant Clark.

About one month later, at Harrisburg, the loss was only a little less. In September the regiment was transferred to Mobile, Ala., over the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, where we occupied various camps west of and near the city, engaging in several skirmishes with the Federals in the vicinity of Pascagoula. We later crossed over to the east shore of the

(Continued on page 435.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

"A halo rests above each grave
Made light by truths they died to save.
Gray soldiers! Gray ashes!
O breathe not a sigh!
Love circles the halo
Time and truth glorify."

CAPT. EDGAR HEERMANS.

Capt. Edgar Heermans, pioneer teacher in West Virginia and prominent citizen, answered the last roll at his home in Parkersburg, on September 22, after a brief illness.

Captain Heermans had a remarkable personality which kept him young and alert despite his ninety years. He was born in what is now Scranton, Pa., November 30, 1835, the son of Sylvanus Heermans, of a fine old Holland family which came to America in 1660. While he was but a small boy, the family removed to Preston County, Va., now West Virginia, and this father founded the town of Fellowsville in that county. When but fourteen years old, Edgar Heermans served as postmaster of a little railroad point, called Tunnelton, under appointment by President Zachary Taylor.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, young Heermans was living in Richmond, Va., and he at once enlisted in the Richmond Blues, later being transferred to Company D, 10th Virginia Cavalry, and served through the conflict. He was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought and took an active interest in the organization of Confederate veterans, serving as Commander of Camp Jenkins, No. 876 U. C. V., at Parkersburg, for a number of years to his death. He was held in high esteem and affection by all who knew him.

Even to the last Captain Heermans retained his physical and mental vigor. Though retired from active work, he gave much time to the cultivation of flower and vegetable gardens at his home, and thus reaped the benefit of an active life and engaged mind. He had returned to Richmond after the war, but in the same year began teaching school in Ohio, and successfully followed that profession for seventeen years, later going into commercial life. He established a seminary and business school at Elizabeth, and was principal of schools there and at other places in West Virginia. He located at Parkersburg in 1900, and there had served as a member of the board of education and in other positions of importance in the educational life.

Captain Heermans is survived by three sons and a daughter, also by a sister and a brother, both of New York State.

F. A. WARD.

The death of F. A. Ward, on July 26, 1926, at Alma, Ark., is reported by Commander A. T. Jones, Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 804 U. C. V., Altus, Ark., of which Comrade Ward was a member. He served with Company C, 19th Arkansas Infantry. His death leaves just four members in Camp Stonewall Jackson.

THOMAS JEFFERSON PORTER.

Thomas J. Porter was born at White Plains, Ala., November 2, 1845, and died June 24, 1926, at Reserve, N. Mex. His parents moved in 1849 to McMinn County, Tenn., near Calhoun, and he enlisted in Company H, 43rd Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., at Calhoun, on October 1, 1862. His roll call of battles was Saltburg, Martinsburg, Vicksburg, Winchester, and Petersburg. He was under Breckinridge, Early, and Hood. At Vicksburg, he saved his brother's life by tender nursing. In 1865, Mr. Porter was one of those chosen to guard the wagon train of President Jefferson Davis. He was paroled a corporal of the Confederacy at Washington, Ga., on May 9, 1865.

He was married to Cornelia Emily Armstrong on January 5, 1882, near Benton, Tenn. He was a carpenter and a farmer. He moved to Belton, Tex., in 1888, to the Tularosa River in New Mexico in 1900, and to Reserve in 1916. Mr. Porter joined the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Clear Springs, Tenn., in 1865. He was an elder at Charleston, and accustomed to leading in public prayer. He was made a Mason in Hiwassee Lodge No. 188 at Calhoun, Tenn., on November 14, 1868. As a Presbyterian elder, he reflected the strong light of his altars. His wife, two children, and eight grandchildren survive him.

Brother Porter approached the Grand Master of the Universe just as the sun was setting, and was laid to rest in the family cemetery on the banks of the Tularosa.

[R. Kuykendall, Presbyterian Lay Worker, Glenwood, N. Mex.]

COLIN McRAE SELPH.

In the death of Colin McRae Selph, the State of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans lost one of their most useful citizens. He was born in Mississippi City, Miss., in December, 1839, and died in New Orleans on January 6, 1926, in his eighty-sixth year.

At an early age, he entered the Military Academy at Staunton, Va., and thereafter the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. He was a student in the famous law school of the University, from which he graduated with high honors and immediately became a member of the Louisiana bar. After a tour through Europe, he returned to Mississippi, but later came to New Orleans to enter into the practice of law.

The War between the States found him among the first to enlist and he became a member of the famous Washington Artillery. He had a distinguished record as a soldier. When the Confederacy adopted the St. Andrew's Cross as its battle flag, the first flag design was made under the superintendence of Mr. Selph, who was then in the Quartermaster's Department at Richmond.

Returning to New Orleans, Mr. Selph took a prominent part in the successful effort to overthrow the reconstruction government of Louisiana. He gave up the general practice of the law to become legal counsel for E. J. Hart & Co., the leading wholesale manufacturing druggists of the South, with whom he remained for many years, going back to the private practice of law until 1900, when he retired owing to ill health.

Mr. Selph married Miss Elizabeth Dimitry, daughter of Prof. Alexander Dimitry, and to them were born five boys and two girls. He was a great student, a deep scholar, and a man of wide reading. Major Selph was of Scotch-Welsh descent, but his father, Archibald Selph, was born in North Carolina. His son, Colin M. Selph, was appointed postmaster of St. Louis by President Wilson and served during his two terms.

[W. O. Hart, Chairman; L. L. Labatt, Charles Lougue.]

WILLIAM C. BESSONET.

After a long and interesting life, William C. Bessonnet died at the Beauvoir Confederate Home on September 6, 1926, having nearly completed his eighty-ninth year. He was born at Cottonport, Miss., September 23, 1837, and the greater part of his life was spent in that State. His father was Dr. Charles H. Bessonnet.

On May 1, 1861, young Bessonnet enlisted in Company G, 2nd Mississippi Regiment, under Colonel Stone, and eventually attained the rank of lieutenant; was wounded several times, at Gettysburg and Petersburg, at the latter place receiving three serious and two minor wounds, from which he suffered during the rest of his life, and which necessitated the amputation of his leg some eight years ago. From these wounds he was in a hospital in Washington at the time of Lincoln's assassination.

In the years since the war he had lived at different places in Mississippi—at Verona, Tupelo, Winona, and he also spent some years in the North when connected with a firm in Minneapolis, Minn. He had married, in 1866, Miss Elizabeth Ann Threlkeld, and is survived by a son and three daughters. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

He was laid away with his comrades in the cemetery at Beauvoir to await the golden reveille.

DR. WILLIAM JOSEPH JONES.

After several months of failing health, Dr. William Joseph Jones, of Crozet, Va., passed to his heavenly home on September 15, 1926. He was born August 31, 1841, in Fluvanna County, Va., but when he was quite young, his parents moved to Amherst County, where he grew to manhood.

At an early age he began to study medicine under a preceptor and to teach school, but when his country needed him, he left his work and, in April, 1861, volunteered for the Confederate service and joined Company G, of the 51st Virginia Regiment under Col. G. C. Wharton.

During the first year of the war, he served as first sergeant, but was afterwards made active assistant surgeon of his regiment, in which capacity he served to the end of the war.

When the great struggle was over, he resumed the study of medicine and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1866. Dr. Jones practiced his profession in Amherst County, in Waynesboro, and lastly in Crozet, until the infirmities of age rendered him unable to perform the duties of a physician. His gentleness and kindness to the sick and suffering, his consistent following of the Christ he loved, and his willingness to help in every worthy cause will long be remembered in the communities in which he lived. He was the faithful chairman of the Board of Stewards in the Methodist Church and a Royal Arch Mason.

In 1867 Dr. Jones married Miss Susan Nalle Wayland, who preceded him to the grave five years ago. Of this union there were four daughters, three of whom survive him. He also leaves four grandchildren and one great-grandson.

JOSEPH M. MOREHEAD.

Joseph Munford Morehead, born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1847, died in that city on September 23, 1926, survived by his wife, two daughters, and one son. He was married to Miss Nannie L. Bradley, of Peoria, Tex., in 1874, and for fifty years they lived in the same home place in Memphis. His father was one of the organizers, or charter members, of the old Brick Church there.

Comrade Morehead was a member of Company A, Forrest's Cavalry, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala.

JUDGE CLEMENT L. WALKER.

That death loves a shining mark is emphasized in the death of Judge Clement L. Walker, which occurred at the Confederate Home in New Orleans, September 29, 1926.

Judge Walker, though residing in New Orleans, entered the Confederate army in an Arkansas regiment because, at the time of the breaking out of the war, he was on one of his father's plantations in that State. He served heroically throughout the entire struggle and was one of the immortal few captured by the Federals at Port Hudson when that post surrendered to the Union army after a long siege; another of those who surrendered at Port Hudson was the late Edward D. White, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States. Judge Walker was paroled and soon after exchanged, when he rejoined his command and served until the end of the war. He then returned to New Orleans and began the study of law, later being associated with his father in practice. The firm published a digest of the Louisiana Supreme Court Decisions from 1860 to 1870, long a standard authority in Louisiana.

Judge Walker took a deep interest in Confederate affairs and was for several terms President of the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, U. C. V., a position he held at the time of his death. He was also for many years one of the directors of the Confederate Home and gave to that work unlimited time and attention. He was a member of the Louisiana Historical Society, the proceedings of which were of great interest to him, and a member of the Board of Governors of Confederate Memorial Hall.

In reconstruction times no one man did more to free the State than did Judge Walker. In the events of 1874 and 1877 he was noted actor and, in the latter year, negotiated the surrender of the Supreme Court to the citizen troops. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1874.

Judge Walker was a lawyer of the old school, courteous, kind, and agreeable to all, bringing to the trial of cases a splendid knowledge of the law. For a time he was Minute Clerk under his esteemed friend and associate, Judge Frank D. Chretien, and was later appointed by Governor Luther E. Hall, Judge of the Second City Criminal Court, where he dispensed justice with impartiality and promptness.

He was a member of the famous Continental Guards and one term served as colonel on the staff of the governor of Louisiana.

[W. O. Hart, *Chairman*; Henry Renshaw, Warren Doyle.]

DR. M. B. WHITE.

Dr. M. B. White, eighty-eight years old, a Confederate veteran, and a highly regarded citizen of Decatur, Ga., died there on August 10, at the home of his son, Mark G. White, after an illness of several months. Interment was at Forsyth, Ga., Dr. White's former home. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ella Walker, of a pioneer family of Jones County, two sons, and three grandchildren; also by one brother and two sisters.

Born and reared in Forsyth, Ga., where his parents and grandparents were leaders in public enterprise and community building, Dr. White graduated as a young man from Tulane University, and, upon the outbreak of the War between the States, was among the first to join the Confederate colors, entering the medical corps of Company D, 45th Georgia Regiment, of Lee's army. He served with distinction throughout the war, and then settled at Forsyth, where he remained until he moved to Decatur, fifteen years ago. Dr. White was a typical gentleman of the Old South, gracious and chivalric, and was a devoted member of the M. E. Church, South.

COL. G. W. SMITH.

After but a few hours' illness, Col. G. W. Smith, formerly of Kentucky, died at his home in San Diego, Calif., on September 10, 1926. He was born in Shelbyville, Ky., October 9, 1840, and thus had nearly completed his eighty-sixth year.

During General Bragg's campaign in Central Kentucky, the last of August, 1862, young Smith succeeded in getting away from Shelbyville (that territory being occupied by the Federals) and landed near Lexington. He made his headquarters at Camp Childs, where he assisted immensely in helping to recruit the Shelby County members of Company C, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade.

A little time after the war, he became connected with railway affairs, and finally located in Chicago. In 1910, on account of his great interest in U. C. V. matters, and especially when Commander of Camp No. 8 U. C. V. of Chicago, he was placed on the staff of General Haldeman, who at that time was Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V. In 1910, on account of serious bodily afflictions and bad health, he went to California and located at San Diego.

(In sending this notice of the passing of Comrade Smith, a member of his family wrote: "There never was a more loyal Southerner than he. He had a little Confederate flag which he showed to me, and said: 'Bury me under the old flag.' So I pinned it on him. The Daughters of the Confederacy draped the casket with the flags also.")

JAMES E. CROUCH.

James E. Crouch, pioneer resident of Kentucky and a veteran of the War between the States, died at the home of his grandson, Samuel G. Thomas, in Louisville, Ky., after an illness of six weeks. He was eighty-seven years of age, and had been a resident of Louisville for thirty-seven years.

Mr. Crouch was born in Oldham County, Ky., April 1, 1839. He spent his boyhood there and knew intimately a number of prominent families in that section of the State. He was a special friend of the family of Judge John Rowan, builder of "My Old Kentucky Home." Whenever Judge Rowan and his wife were away from home for any length of time, young Crouch was always called in to take care of the children, it was said.

Joining the Confederate army at the outbreak of the War between the States in 1861, Mr. Crouch served with the Confederate forces until Lee surrendered in 1865. Following the war, he returned to his home and after several years became an employee of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company and was in that work for many years.

Mr. Crouch leaves his wife and a daughter. He also leaves two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Funeral services were in charge of the Abraham Lodge of Masons, of which he was a member.

THEODORE J. JUNE.

Theodore J. June, a resident of Jordan, S. C., died there on August 6, 1926, after a short illness. He was in his eighty-third year and had enjoyed almost perfect health up to the time of this illness.

Comrade June served through the entire period of the War between the States and had always taken a deep interest in Confederate affairs and in reunions with his comrades; he had been Commander of his Camp for years. He loved the South and all that the Confederacy had stood for, while loyal to the reunited country. He was held in high esteem by all with whom he came in contact.

Five children survive him, with ten grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

JOHN C. RAY.

John C. Ray, a prominent citizen, of Bunch, Okla., died at his home there on August 30, 1926, at the age of eighty-three years. He was born on February 28, 1843, at Flat Creek, Tenn., and served with Company A, 17th Tennessee Regiment, during the War between the States; was wounded in the arm during his service, but continued to the end.

In 1873, Comrade Ray was married to Miss Sarah Blackwell, and some time later removed to Texas for the benefit of his wife's health. After several years in that State, they removed to Arkansas, and after the World War they went to Oklahoma and made their home with a daughter at Bunch. His wife died in 1921, and he is survived by four daughters and two sons; there are also twenty-two grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. Interment was in the cemetery at Bunch.

Comrade Ray was widely known and highly esteemed as one of the most prominent and worthy citizens of the community and section. Many friends and relatives attended the funeral, and he was left to his last long sleep under a mound of beautiful flowers, the last tribute of those who loved him and appreciated his worth to their citizenship and to whom his memory is as golden as his years.

JOHN P. KEARFOTT.

John P. Kearfott, who died at Kearneysville, W. Va., on July 1, 1926, at the age of eighty-one years, entered the Confederate army in June, 1863, at the age of eighteen, and was assigned to Company B, 1st Virginia Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, and served to the end of the war. He was wounded at Kennon's Landing, near Richmond. He was at the side of Captain Hammond and within a stone's throw of General Stuart when they were mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern.

In writing of the death of this comrade, a granddaughter says: "He loved the VETERAN and was a faithful reader of this much-loved paper until his death. He wrote an account of the part he took in the war, and we hope to have it in the VETERAN some day so that his few remaining comrades may enjoy it."

R. B. TEMPLEMAN.

Robert Bruce Templeman died at his home near Hamilton, Loudoun County, Va., on October 5, 1926. He was born near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va., March 31, 1837. Fourteen years ago he removed to Loudoun County. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Catherine Amelia Hirst, of Fauquier County, a son, and a daughter.

Comrade Templeman joined Company A, organized at Salem, Va., in 1858, under command of Capt. William Turner, at the age of twenty-one, and drilled with it until the John Brown raid, when Captain Ashby took command and the command was ordered to Harper's Ferry, remaining there until the riot was quelled. The troops were then ordered back home and continued to drill until called out in 1861, when the war began. Capt. Turner Ashby, with his command, was ordered to Point of Rocks, on the border line, and from there moved to Romney. The command took part in the first battle of Manassas, after which it was ordered back to the Valley of Virginia, where Ashby was made commander of the 7th Virginia Cavalry. Comrade Templeman remained with the command until General Ashby was killed at Port Republic, after which he was detailed as courier for General Stuart and remained with him until the surrender at Appomattox.

He was devoted to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and read it with interest to the end.

MRS. NANNIE PENDLETON STROTHER.

Mrs. Nannie Pendleton Strother was a daughter of Col. Albert G. Pendleton, who was in his day a very distinguished lawyer. Her mother was Elvina Chapman Pendleton, and she was, therefore, descended from one of the earliest settlers in Tidewater Virginia, and from one of the pioneer families of Southwest Virginia. She was born November 11, 1847, at the ancestral home near Pearisburg, Va. Her death occurred at Pearisburg, Va., on August 25, 1925.

She was educated at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Va., and at Mrs. Mary Pegram's Select School for Girls in Richmond. She was a student at the last-named school during the gloomy days of 1863 and 1864, when the Federal armies were struggling to gain possession of the capital of the Confederate States; and thus she was given opportunity for seeing and meeting quite a number of the most distinguished civil and military leaders of the Confederacy.

Alarmed by the declining fortunes of the Confederacy and apprehensive that Richmond would be captured by the Federals, Mrs. Pegram closed her school in May, 1864, and her pupils began to return to their respective homes. Journeying toward her home, Nannie Pendleton arrived at Central Depot (now East Radford, Va.) on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and there spent a few days with her classmate, Miss Sue Hammitt, who later became the wife of the late Gov. J. Hoge Tyler.

General Crook, commanding a large Federal force, advanced up New River to Pearisburg, marched thence to Pulaski County, where he joined in battle with the Confederate forces, commanded by General Jenkins. There the engagement known as the battle of Cloyd's Mountain was fought. General Jenkins was killed in the battle and the Confederates were disastrously defeated. The wounded Confederate soldiers were conveyed to Central Depot, and Miss Pendleton, influenced by tender compassion, took from her trunk all of its linen contents to make bandages for the wounded.

On the 3rd of January, 1867, she was united in marriage with the Hon. Philip Williams Strother. He had gallantly served in the Confederate army as first lieutenant of Company E, 13th Virginia Infantry; and was in active service until he was desperately wounded at Bloody Angle in the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864. The wound was truly a desperate one. A Minie ball passed through his left arm, shattered and tore away the collar bone, passed through the upper lobes of his left lung, and lodged somewhere in his back. The ball was never located.

Mrs. Strother was a loyal and influential member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, contributing liberally to its support and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. Kind and generous toward all, none however humble ever sought alms of her without receiving help.

Endowed with a splendid mentality, firm in her convictions,

with a heart full of devotion for those who were dear to her, she will ever live in the memory of those who knew her well and loved her. She is survived by six children and a sister, Mrs. Van Taliaferro, of Washington, D. C.

CAPT. JAMES KOGER.

A long and eventful life came to a close with the death of Capt. James Koger, of Paducah, Ky., on October 5, after a lingering illness. For more than a half century his business activities in Tennessee and Kentucky had made him a prominent figure of those States and his passing leaves a wide gap in the ranks of the gray.

Captain Koger was born January 19, 1845, at Sparta, Tenn., the son of David and Caroline Davis Koger, one of the pioneer families of the State; his paternal grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier. As a young soldier of the Confederacy, he served under Generals Cheatham, Johnston, and Hood, and gave good account of himself in this service. At Atlanta, he was one of the commission that handled the transfer and exchange of soldiers and was highly commended for this work.

After the war, Captain Koger was in business in Nashville, Tenn., for seventeen years, and then located at Hickman, Ky., where he was connected with the grain interests of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. He was married there to Miss Dorothy Hellener, of a prominent Southern family, and a son and daughter were born to them. Later on he was located at Waverly, Tenn., and then removed to Paducah, and was connected with the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, from which he retired several years ago. He was always prominent in the Confederate associations and was one of the commissioners of the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., and had attended many of the Confederate reunions. He was a long-time and faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. Surviving him are his wife, two children, and four grandchildren; also two sisters and a brother.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Last Thursday (October 7) the body of John Williams, of Cedar Croft, Govans, and formerly of Laurel, Md., was laid to rest in the beautiful Woodlawn Cemetery.

He was a member of Company B, 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., from the 10th day of September, 1862, until the end of "our late unpleasantness." I, who fought by his side, can attest his faithful service to the right as he believed it. In camp, on the march, and in battle he was every inch a soldier, as brave as the bravest and conscientious in the discharge of every duty. He was kind and considerate to prisoners and quick to resent any discourtesy to them.

When the war was over, he, with his dearly beloved brother Ben, went to work to build a competence, in which he was successful. His whole life has been a lesson we may all follow, as he did as nearly as he could to others as he would have them do to himself. He leaves a son and daughters who seem to be following in his footsteps, and he well deserves to have chiseled into the stone above his grave: "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile."

[Hobart Aisquith, in *Baltimore Sun*, October 11.]

MEMBER OF HARVEY WALKER CAMP, S. C. V.

The Harvey Walker Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Giles County, Tenn., reports the loss of an appreciated member in the death of James E. Edmondson, whose father was a member of the 11th Tennessee Cavalry. His death occurred on July 9, 1926, at the age of fifty-nine years.

This Camp works in close cooperation with the Veterans' Camp of Lynnville, Tenn.



MRS. NANNIE P. STROTHER.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*
MISS KATIE DAFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
2233 Brainerd Street

MRS. R. H. RAMSEY, Little Rock, Ark. *Treasurer General*
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaubert
MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
1022 West Broadway
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Ford, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: When you read this letter, you who are so fortunate as to be arranging to go to the general convention in Richmond will be practically making your final arrangements for that trip. Therefore, I shall simply write briefly and call your attention to certain things pertaining to the convention.

It is sincerely hoped that all of you have received the Convention Call and the Credential Blanks.

The opening night of the convention in Richmond is Tuesday, November 16. The convention opens for business Wednesday morning, November 17.

It is absolutely necessary that credentials be in the hand of Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson five days previous to the 17th; therefore, they should be in the Jefferson Hotel on Friday morning, November 12. *Please bear this in mind.*

If you have failed to receive your credential blanks, Mrs. Henderson states in her communication sent out to all Chapters the following:

"The chairman of the committee will advise the committee to accept as credentials those not written on the blanks sent out, *provided* the statement is made at the bottom of such credentials that the blanks were not received in time to get the credentials to the committee in the time specified in the by-laws. And, of course, you know that such credentials would be worthless unless signed by the President and the Secretary of the Chapter issuing them. Credentials sent by telegraph cannot be recognized, since they cannot be signed by these officers."

Mrs. Henderson's address will be Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va. She will be in the hotel on Friday, November 12.

It is the great desire of the organization that all Chapters be represented.

The attention of the chairmen of committees and all who are to read reports is called to the by-laws, which require that all copy be in the hands of the printer on or before January 1.

Three typewritten copies of all reports must be left with the Recording Secretary General immediately after reading. One for the President General, one for the Recording Secretary General, and one for the printers.

All motions and resolutions should be typewritten and be given to the Recording Secretary General immediately after being offered.

No Chapter or Division roster not in the hands of the Recording Secretary General before December 20 shall appear in the minutes. This being carried out, no copies of minutes will go to any of those Chapters failing to send in rosters, according to the provision of the by-laws, as the roster is used as the mailing list.

All Division officers are requested to prepare their rosters

with the names and addresses of the Division officers, followed by the Chapter roster, giving the last name first.

Please bear in mind that these rosters must be typewritten as far as possible on uniform sized paper. Many Divisions use scraps of paper in sending in these lists, and are sometimes found to be poorly written in hand and the printers have difficulty in reading them.

All memorials should be handed in at the Memorial Session.

The following letter was received by the President General from Dr. Beverley D. Tucker:

"ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VA.,

"September 28, 1926.

"Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, President General, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Charleston, S. C.

"My Dear Mrs. Lawton: As rector of St. Paul's Church, I have written to Mrs. Charles E. Bolling, General Chairman of the U. D. C. Convention Committee, inviting the United Daughters of the Confederacy to have a special service in St. Paul's on Sunday, November 14, in preparation for the convention to be held during that week and as part of the official program. Mrs. Bolling, on behalf of the executive committee in charge of arrangements for the convention, has very graciously accepted. I am now writing to extend to you as President General and to the other officers of the Executive Committee of the U. D. C. a special invitation to be present.

"In view of the fact that St. Paul's was the Parish Church of President Jefferson Davis and of General Robert E. Lee during the War between the States and has been associated in so many ways with the Confederate cause, such a service would seem to me to be eminently fitting when the United Daughters of the Confederacy gather for their annual convention in the former capital of the Confederate States. I should be glad to arrange the service and the sermon in a manner adapted to the occasion and to carry out, as far as possible, any suggestions which the officers of the U. D. C. may care to make.

"With kind regards, and with every good wish for the convention, believe me

"Yours very sincerely, BEVERLEY D. TUCKER."

The plans made by the local committee in Richmond for the entertainment of the delegates include visiting many interesting historical spots. Arrangements have also been made for a trip by bus, on Sunday following the closing of the convention, to Jamestown, where services will be held. It is hoped that as many as can arrange to do so will stay over for this interesting service upon the site of the first permanent English settlement in America.

IN MEMORIAM.

The news reaches us of the death of our Honorary President, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, in New Orleans, La., in October, 1926.

It is with great sadness of heart that this news is received, just at the time when we are hoping to reunite with these distinguished women.

The sympathy of the entire organization has been and is herewith extended to the relatives of Mrs. Smith and to the Louisiana Division in the death of their beloved founder.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

California.—Dixie Chapter, of Pasadena, has prevailed on its founder and first President, Mrs. Charles Richardson, to serve again as President. Mrs. Gray Carroll Stribling, who has served as President for the past two years, is now State Parliamentarian. Mrs. Charles Richardson has just returned from a visit of several months in the East and South. She represented the son she lost during the World War at his class reunion at Princeton. The U. D. C.'s of California appreciate the beautiful tribute paid to his memory by the naming of the National Guard Training Camp of the State of Washington the "Camp Peter Richardson." Mrs. Richardson expects to have a summer home on the lake of the Tacoma Country Club, so as to be near "Camp Peter Richardson" and "mother" the boys in training there.

* * *

Kentucky.—The Greenville Davidson Chapter was organized recently in Prestonburg with Miss Sally Gatewood Ligon as its President. Miss Ligon is a great-niece of the late Greenville R. Davidson, who was born in Floyd County, Ky., December 8, 1842. His father, Samuel, P. Davidson, was born in Tazewell County, Va., and became sheriff of Floyd County under the old constitution. He was educated at Mount Sterling Academy, and in 1862 enlisted in the Fifth Kentucky Infantry, under John S. Williams, but afterwards became second lieutenant, Company A, 10th Kentucky Mounted Rifles. He served all through the war and was elected colonel of the State Militia in 1866.

Other officers of the Chapter are: Mrs. Curtis May, Vice President; Miss Inez Cottrell, Secretary; Mrs. Lon Moles, Registrar; Mrs. Sam Spalding, Historian; Mrs. Ed Arnold, Chaplain.

The Chapter met Tuesday, September 7, at the home of Mrs. Arnold, and was delightfully entertained after a most interesting meeting.

* * *

Missouri.—The Kansas City, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, George Edward Pickett, and Dixie Chapters, of Kansas City, will unite in entertaining the Missouri Division, U. C. V. The reunion is to be held in Jack-O'-Lantern Hall on October 1-2. A luncheon will be served each day. On Friday evening, October 1, a reception and ball will be given in compliment to the visitors.

On the 22nd of September a committee of Kansas City Chapter members, under the direction of Mrs. John F. Waite, drove fifty miles over the paved roads to the Confederate Home at Higginsville and, after a picnic luncheon, gave a splendid musical program, which gladdened the hearts of the men and women who live at this well-kept home.

Mrs. M. C. Duggins, chairman of "Men and Women of the Sixties," has spent a busy year in arranging and giving so many happy surprises for the "home folks." She has

been ably assisted by Mrs. C. D. Purden, St. Louis; Mrs. Jessie T. McMahan, Blackwater; Mrs. A. H. Hader, Higginsville; and members of their committees.

On Monday, September, 20, Mrs. Vernon C. Gardner entertained the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 639, with a luncheon at her home. Mrs. Robert W. Smith, the Chapter President, presided.

* * *

Maryland.—From Hagerstown comes news of the Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter: Mrs. Franklin P. Canby, Director for the Jefferson Davis Highway (Maryland Division), is distributing maps of the just-completed transcontinental road.

Mrs. James B. McLaughlin, President, presided at this meeting, when it was decided that caring for Confederate veterans and the widows of the men who wore the gray is the most important work of the Daughters. Twenty-five dollars, besides a generous amount formerly given, was voted to the Norman V. Randolph Fund, Miss Bruin being Division Chairman.

The Chapter elected twenty delegates and alternates for the General and Division conventions, to be held in October and November.

Four new members were admitted—Mrs. W. D. Campbell, Miss Virginia D. Bell, Mrs. C. C. Hohler, Miss Mary McLaughlin.

Committee chairmen for the ensuing year are: Finance, Mrs. Edmund Forster; Credentials, Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin; Program, Mrs. William Henneberger; Memorial, Miss Louise Hilliard; By-Laws, Miss Anne B. Bruin; CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Mrs. Harry Leps; Education, Mrs. W. J. Crabbs; Chapter Editor, Mrs. Leo Cohill; Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Harry Conrad; Christmas Boxes, Miss Lucy Howard; Southern Graves, Mrs. Harry K. Powles; Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund, Miss Bruin; Woodrow Wilson Memorial Fund, Mrs. G. E. Thropp; Visiting, Mrs. C. H. W. Hunter.

* * *

South Carolina.—For many years Camp Thomas J. Glover, United Confederate Veterans, with headquarters at Orangeburg, has conducted a beautiful service at the funeral of each departed comrade. Years ago the idea was conceived by a faithful member of the Camp, the little ritual was written, and copies distributed to other camps. The service consists of the reading of a ritual, preferably by the Commander of the Camp; the Confederate war records of the departed soldier, read by the Camp Adjutant; the placing of the iron cross on the grave by the Camp Treasurer; and a simple laurel wreath as a tribute from the local U. D. C. This concludes with the reading of a commemoration ode, and the "Comrade, Farewell, Farewell," of those left behind.

This little service is a very precious thing with the veterans. Many places have witnessed the last honor the Camp can pay its dead. The cross is a part of the service and this Camp has its own crosses, more substantial than many of the grave markers placed by the U. D. C.

One of the most largely attended and by far the most delightful of the many meetings that have been held by the members of the Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, was the one that took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Greene. The honor guest on this occasion was the President of the South Carolina Division, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin, of Pickens. As the guests arrived they were greeted by the hostesses and presented to the receiving line. An orchestra played patriotic airs and furnished music during the social hour.

Immediately after the guests arrived, the Chapter was

called to order by the President and an attractive program was carried out. "The Duties of the United Daughters of the Confederacy" was the subject upon which Mrs. Mauldin spoke. Then came the presentation of the visiting Daughters and Confederate veterans.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Mauldin's address, Miss Smith, in behalf of the Chapter, presented her with a dainty gift. With the singing of the U. D. C. song, the Chapter adjourned for the social hour.

After a relaxation of several months, the Edgefield Chapter held its first fall meeting at the home of Mrs. Ransome Padgett. Following a short business session, the meeting was turned over to the historian. Each member responded to the roll call with the name of the most faithful slave who belonged to her family. A most interesting program was carried out. All members have been asked to give sketches of the ancestor through whom they joined the U. D. C.

* * *

Louisiana.—Camp Moore Chapter, No. 562, celebrated Admiral Semmes's birthday by the bestowal of two Crosses of Service and one Cross of Honor at the Opera House in Kentwood, La., in the evening, with Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of Louisiana Division, U. D. C., as an honored guest. A short program and an address on Admiral Semmes preceded the bestowal of the Cross of Honor to Mr. Dick Jones, veteran, and two Crosses of Service to Mr. John Hutchinson and to Mr. B. Mixon. The program concluded with an instructive address by Mrs. Babin, who was presented with beautiful flowers by Mrs. North, Third Vice President of the Division. Mrs. Graham was chairman of the Cross of Honor service.

Camp Moore Chapter also tendered a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Babin at the Tangipahoa Tea Room, with Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General, of New Orleans, also an honored guest. Both were presented with home-grown flowers. Mrs. Carolyn G. North was Toast-mistress. The welcome addresses were delivered by Mrs. W. H. Lillard and Mrs. Strickland, President of Camp Moore Chapter. Responses by Mrs. L. U. Babin, Mrs. F. C. Kolman. Of the speakers were Miss Nobling and Miss Nita Babin, of the Music Department of the Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge; Mrs. A. P. Miller, President of Joanna Waddill Chapter and several other prominent ladies.

After the luncheon the guests were taken up to Camp Moore, the camp of instruction in the days of 1861-65, where four hundred soldiers are buried, and made further plans for the improvement of this historic place. The Chapter is grateful for an appropriation from the Police Jury of Tangipahoa Parish for \$300 for this work.

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter was hostess Chapter celebrating Admiral Semmes's birthday in New Orleans, by presenting a splendid program of music and song and dances, with Mrs. Arthur Weber, President of the Chapter, presiding. Mrs. Florence Tompkins, Past President of Louisiana Division, made an eloquent address on Admiral Semmes.

* * *

Virginia.—The annual convention of Virginia Division was held at Charlottesville, October 5-8, with Albemarle Chapter as hostess. The meeting was well attended and most interesting.

The marking of Jefferson Davis Highway through the State was the subject of much interesting discussion, and resulted in the promise that the Division would cooperate with the State Director and push this undertaking to a speedy conclusion.

It was also decided that the Division assume full financial responsibility for its remaining part of the "Women of South in War Time," taking up immediately one-half of the amount.

It was also decided that \$5,000 be given to discharge the remaining amount of Virginia's quota of the Hero Fund.

Much interest centers around the work of completing the Endowment Fund for the maintenance of Custodian at Lee Chapel at Lexington, and the committee in charge feels much encouraged by the progress made in the last year. Mrs. Mildred Lee Francis, a niece of General Lee, was elected to the position of Custodian.

Division officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. A. C. Ford, Clifton Forge; First Vice President, Mrs. H. F. Lewis, Bristol; Second Vice President, Mrs. John Hopkins, Keswick; Third Vice President, Mrs. L. T. Everett, Falls Church; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. R. E. King, Portsmouth; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Porter, Petersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Snead, Clifton Forge; Treasurer, Mrs. B. C. Phlegar, Christiansburg; Historian, Miss Eva Bell, Rectory; Registrar, Miss Adella Yowell, Culpepper; Custodian, Mrs. M. J. Patzel, Roanoke; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. M. R. Perkinson, Danville; Custodian Virginia Badge, Mrs. J. E. Davenport, Norfolk; Honorary Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. E. Alexander, Alexandria.

The invitation of the Hampton Chapter was accepted for the 1927 meeting.

MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH.

BY MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Organizer Louisiana Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

President Louisiana Division.

Organizer Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, New Orleans.



MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH IN DRESS OF THE SIXTIES.

Past President and Honorary President Fitzhugh Lee Chapter.

Honorary President Louisiana Division.

Honorary President of the General Organization, U. D. C.

On Monday, September 13, 1926, Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, prominent in Confederate work, died in New Orleans in her eighty-third year. She was the second daughter of Miles and Martha Foster Owen, and was born in Memphis, Tenn., where she spent her youth. Her mother was the daughter of Col. John Foster, of Adams County, Miss. Her father was a prominent and influential citizen of Memphis, and their home was noted for its culture, refinement, and generous entertainments. During the War between the States, Mr. Owen, though exempt from military service by age, greatly aided the Confederate cause by carrying medicines and other necessities to the Confederates, and which resulted in his being arrested. The first call to the women of Memphis to work for the Confederate soldiers was sent out by Mrs. Owen, and at her home the ladies gathered in great numbers, and the lower floor was turned into a sewing room and resounded with a busy hum until the end of war.

After her marriage to Capt. Pinckney Smith, of New Orleans, Mrs. Smith's home was continuously in that city, and there she was prominently known and much beloved. Especially in the work of the Confederate organizations was she a moving spirit, and the list of her honors at the head of this article shows the appreciation in which she was held. When the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., was formed in 1896, Mrs. Smith was elected treasurer, which office she held for four years. It was also by her initiative that this Chapter was made the charter Chapter of the Louisiana Division at its formation; and by her "energy and eloquence" she secured the authority to call for the formation of the Division in February, 1899, and at that convention she was made President of the Division, which office she held for four years, declining reelection. During the first year she organized five new Chapters, and her intelligent suggestions and close co-operation with the Chapters of that Division enabled them to enter upon and maintain such practical work as will ever be a benefit to the living as well as a memorial to the dead. She spared neither energy, time, ability, nor purse when she thought she could benefit the U. D. C. of Louisiana. It was at her suggestion that the New Orleans Chapter invited the general convention for its meeting in 1902, and as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee she helped to make the occasion a success in every way.

The accompanying picture of Mrs. Smith was taken during the Confederate reunion in New Orleans in 1923, in a costume she wore on the night that Memphis fell. She was very proud of the picture.

MRS. ANDREW L. DOWDELL, OF ALABAMA.

BY MRS. M. F. CRENSHAW.

On February 10, 1926, without the pain of long suffering, the spirit of our friend and coworker, Mrs. Andrew L. Dowdell, passed through the doorway into everlasting life. She was a Southern woman of gentle birth, a true friend, and devoted Christian.

For many years she was the efficient Corresponding Secretary of the Alabama Missionary Conference and, therefore, was a member of the Council of Missions of the Southern Methodist Church. She measured up to the highest standard of Christian womanhood in every phase of life—in Church, in club, and in patriotic work—and in no sphere of usefulness were her ideals more clearly developed than in her conception

of the righteousness of the cause of the Southern Confederacy. To the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy she gave generously of her time, her means, her strength of mind and body, serving as President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., in 1902-03, and as Recording Secretary General, 1906-09; and on several occasions she served the general organization as chairman of the Credentials Committee, a place requiring ability and tact. Lately, she was chairman for Alabama in War Service Work.

We know that with her "all is well" and loving remembrance of her faithful work will be an unfailing inspiration to her associates in patriotic endeavor.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1296.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CABINET.

U. D. C. Program for December.

Thomas H. Watts, of Alabama, Attorney General, March 18, 1862, to January, 1864.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

"Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 6, page 396.

Curry, J. L. M., "Civil History of the Government of the Confederate States," page 60.

"Encyclopedia Americana," volume 29, page 114.

"Confederate Military History," volume 1, pages 600-1.

"Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History," volume 10.

"National Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 10, pages 432-33.

"New International Encyclopedia," volume 23, page 482.

"The South in the Building of the Nation," volume 12, page 533.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER.

Tennessee, seceded June 8, 1861.

Writer: Father Abram J. Ryan.

The waving rose with every breath
Scents carelessly the summer air;
The wounded rose breathes forth in death
A sweetness far more rich and rare.

It is a truth beyond our ken—
And yet a truth that all may read—
It is with roses as with men,
The sweetest hearts are those that bleed.

The flower which Bethlehem saw bloom
Out of a heart all full of grace
Gave never forth its full perfume
Until the cross became its vase.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....*President General*
 209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.
 MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....*First Vice President General*
 1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.
 MISS SUE H. WALKER.....*Second Vice President General*
 Fayetteville, Ark.
 MRS. E. L. MERRY.....*Treasurer General*
 4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 MISS DARY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary General*
 7900 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
 MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....*Historian General*
 Athens, Ga.
 MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....*Corresponding Secretary General*
 College Park, Ga.
 MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Past Laureate General*
 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.
 MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....*Auditor General*
 Montgomery, Ala.
 REV. GILES B. COOKE.....*Chaplain General*
 Mathews, Va.



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
 ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
 WASHINGTON, D. C.....Mrs. D. H. Fred
 FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
 GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. William A. Wright
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
 LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
 MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
 MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....Mrs. J. J. Yates
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....Mrs. James R. Armstrong
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Miss I. B. Heyward
 TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Mary H. Miller
 TEXAS—Dallas.....Mrs. S. M. Fields
 VIRGINIA—Richmond.....Mrs. B. A. Blenner
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

STARTING WORK ON STONE MOUNTAIN.

My Dear Coworkers: Gathered at Stone Mountain on Wednesday, September 29, the Executive Committee of Stone Mountain Monumental Association and a few friends were thrilled beyond expression when, after partaking of a wonderful barbecue dinner, all were called to witness the first great explosion planned in carrying forward the work in this gigantic undertaking. The day was ideal, the air clear and fine, and as all stood expectant, a silence fell upon each as they realized the stupendous significance of the occasion, and I take the liberty of giving to you the masterful description as pictured in the *Atlanta Georgian* and from the pen of Mr. Rogers Winter:

"Flash and crash of cannonade, thunderous travail of human aspiration, of yearning toward an image of the dauntless soul, a salvo to immortality—

"And as twoscore charges of dynamite were fired in a single mighty roar on the sheer side of Stone Mountain at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the third epoch in the history of the world's greatest memorial began, an epoch of creation.

"Thus, with solemn pledges that it will continue until completion, was launched the work of carving the equestrian figures that are to be the center of this monument to the ideals and undying courage of the Southern Confederacy.

"Formally begun with the great blast Wednesday, this work, involving the genius of sculptor, the resource of modern science and engineering, and the dreams of a united nation, is not to cease until the epic figures of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, mounted on horses as tall as a spired church, are carved upon the mountain's face.

"This was the assurance of the men who brought there to witness the start a devoted company.

"The granite yielded to the blast. Twenty tons of the stone were torn from the mountain side, flung in a ponderous cascade to its base and near to the very feet of those who watched. A veil of smoke and dust, as high as the mountain, half a mile long, drifted and settled.

"Wreathing about the half-limbed head of Lee, it was like the battle smoke that floated over Shiloh and the Wilderness, amid which heroes struggled and died for an ideal.

"It was like the sacrificial shroud over homes and fields given up to the torch for a cause.

"It was like incense before the altar of a consecrated purpose.

"The explosion cut away a broad segment of granite below the incomplete head of Lee, and made an opening along carefully designed lines for the drillers who are to carve the figures of Marse Robert and Old Traveler.

"The ceremony of formally launching the work was arranged by the Construction Committee of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, after a contract had been signed with the Stone Mountain Granite Corporation to perform the work of cutting away the granite under direction of Augustus Lukeman, the sculptor. More than three hundred men and women assembled for the barbecue and speeches in the studio at the mountain's base."

* * *

The sympathy of many friends goes out to Mrs. Mary Hunter Miller, State President of Tennessee, in the recent passing of a dearly loved sister, Miss Mammie Phillips, of Memphis. Long months of protracted illness and an unusually strong tie of devotion which existed between them brings the realization that life is more dear, but heaven more near, that the time of separation will not be long until a blessed reunion.

"Long in dust life's glory dead,
 Then from the ground there shall blossom red
 Life that shall endless be."

MRS. A. McD. WILSON, *President General*.

"TO US THE TORCH THEY FLING!"

BY MISS SUE H. WALKER, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

At a noon luncheon given the veterans of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., and members of the Southern Memorial Association, of Fayetteville, Ark., Capt. Charles Vance, on behalf of the Camp, returned to the Southern Memorial Association the beautiful silk Confederate battle flag presented to these veterans years ago by the Southern Memorial Association. Captain Vance stated that the members of the Camp being no longer able to hold meetings, wished to return their beloved flag to those who gave it, knowing it would be in good hands, etc.—so to us they fling the torch to carry on and continue to honor their dead comrades under the folds of that banner so dear to them and us. Miss Sue Walker, President of the Association, responded, assuring the veterans of our high appreciation of their confidence and courtesy, and that the flag would always be at their disposal on such occasions as they wished to use it, and would ever be cherished in memory of Pat Cleburne Camp.

"Warriors of the South! We owe them
 Tribute more than words can tell.
 Memories rich with love, bestow them—
 Shafts of granite where they fell."

CAVALRY COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

(Continued from page 425.)

bay and spent most of the winter in scout duty about Pensacola. While here, the men suffered much from malaria, but there was little fatal sickness at this time, or at any time during our entire service.

In March, 1865, we moved under orders to North Alabama and were assigned to General Stark's Brigade, meeting the formidable Federal expedition under command of General Wilson near the site of the present city of Birmingham (at that time having no existence), fighting and falling back to near Selma, which city, with several hundred Confederates, was surrendered, our command retiring toward the west, and for a short while encamped near Eutaw, then moving farther west and across the Tombigbee River, going into camp at Livingston, Ala. Here it was that the news of the surrender of General Lee and his army reached us; but we refused to believe such a thing possible. General Forrest, at this time, was engaged in the reorganization and consolidation of many of his commands, they being much depleted. During this process, the 8th Mississippi Cavalry was merged with the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, completely losing its identity, and thereafter Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry became Company D, of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry, but without change in its officers. Some months previous, Captain Cox and Lieutenant Clark, having recovered from their wounds and resumed their places with the company, and Tyler Wortham, a member elected lieutenant to succeed Lieutenant Goings, killed in battle, were now in command, this occurring so short a time before our surrender that reorganization was not fully completed. However, the members of Company K, of the 8th Mississippi Cavalry, received paroles as members of Company D, of the 6th Mississippi Cavalry.

About this time we moved camp to near Gainesville, Ala., where, on the 12th day of May, we were paroled. Then followed separation, the severing of ties made strong and dear through the sharing of many perils, the men returning sadly to their homes, beaten, but not dishonored. On the march, almost constantly, often in action with odds against us, without tents to protect from the cold of winter or the heat of summer, uncertain oftentimes of our daily ration, always hopeful, Company K cheerfully gave its service to the Confederacy from January, 1864, to the final surrender, May, 1865.

MISSOURI'S CONFEDERATE TWINS.*

BY MAUD V. HENDERSON, HUNTSVILLE, MO.

If there are other Confederate veteran twins in the United States, they are invited by Randolph County, Mo., to visit her own twins, John A. Dickerson, Huntsville, and William A. Dickerson, Moberly, now eighty-two years old. Though it is sixty-five years since they enlisted, there is never a falter in their memory as they recall their army record: "The 35th Virginia Cavalry, Company F, Rosser's Brigade, Hampton's Division, Stuart's Army Corps."

The Dickerson twins engaged in twenty-three battles with never a wound. Always side by side, they fought every day in May, 1862, in the Chickahominy swamps, and on June 1, William was captured.

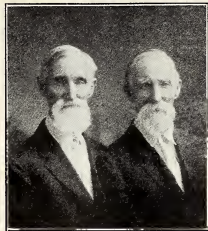
One man in five had been detailed to hold the horses in the background as the Confederate cavalymen fought behind a rail fence. When capture seemed imminent, each boy rushed for a horse and dashed away. John, pursued by

three horsemen, escaped when his own horse leaped a ditch, while his pursuers fell in. He struck out at once for his mother's home in Virginia.

"Hey, Johnny, you're in the right place," yelled the Yankees as they surrounded William, riding bareback. His horse was killed and, holding to the stirrup of his captor, he was forced to run in lunging leaps beside the horse until he fainted

and was revived by brandy from the flask of his captor.

William was held thirty days in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, then loaded on a boat with nine hundred prisoners, which started down the Potomac for exchange. Word came that no more exchange of prisoners was to be made, and the boat prepared to turn back. "We'll take this old boat, throw you overboard, and



JOHN A. AND WILLIAM A. DICKERSON.

run her in ourselves," the prisoners told the boat's crew, so were carried on for exchange.

Again within his own lines, William's first thought was for his eighteen-year-old brother. Slipping away, he, too, struck for home, and was there reunited to his twin, and together they returned to battle.

While on shipboard, he had filled his canteen from a barrel of green coffee. Whether it was the aroma when his mother roasted it, or the news that spread for miles, the house was soon filled with neighbors to taste that rare coffee.

John, who developed some skill as a camp cook, concocted a coffee substitute. He boiled the crumbly bits from an old oak stump until a rich, brown liquid resulted, and his companions smacked their lips over it, unaware of its origin.

"We'd go piroccin' anything eatable, from a bee stand to a keg of kraut," said John. "The Dutch girls in the Shenandoah Valley make fine apple butter pies, baked in brick ovens in the yard. Coals of fire were shoveled into the ovens until the bricks were heated. Then the fire was drawn out and bread and pies put into that hot space and baked."

The Dickerson twins are prouder of their prowess now than of that of other days. John works half of every day on his farm and has "the best garden in the country." William was the champion tussler in the army, initiating every new recruit with a wrestling match. Now his skill is in fishing. On his walking stick, thumb to thumb, fist to fist, he measures the length of "the scaly fish I caught this week."

They have always been inseparable companions. Coming to Missouri in 1869, they married and settled on adjoining farms, where John still resides. William, in the city seven miles away, often returns to his brother's farm to sit beneath the giant locust trees, or to fish together in the stream below the house, winding to it down the pathway where sunshine and shadow interlace.

The Dickerson twins and the four other Confederate veterans—G. N. Ratliff, S. G. Richeson, G. W. Crutchfield, and T. W. Burton—are the only ones left of the thirty comrades who organized the U. C. V. Camp at Huntsville thirty years ago.

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Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va., Adjutant in Chief
JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C., Inspector in Chief
JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C., Judge Advocate in Chief
DR. W. H. SCHUDER, Mayersville, Miss., Surgeon in Chief
Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla., Quartermaster in Chief
MAJ. E. W. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C., Historian in Chief
B. T. LEONARD, Duncan, Okla., Commissary in Chief
REV. H. M. HALL, Johnson City, Tenn., Chaplain in Chief

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

LUCIUS L. MOSS, Chairman, Lake Charles, La.
N. B. FORBES, Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.
CHARLIE M. BROWN, Asheville, N. C.
SUMTER L. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla.
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark.
JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY, Wichita Falls, Tex.
JESSE ANTHONY, 7 Iowa Circle, Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

CHARLIE M. BROWN, Asheville, N. C., Army of Northern Virginia
SUMTER L. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla., Army of Tennessee
EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark., Army of Trans-Mississippi

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

S. C. V. MINUTES AND OFFICERS.

The yearbook and minutes of the thirty-first annual convention of the Sons of Confederate Veterans has been published by Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief.

The minutes of the convention have not been printed for a number of years, and a history of the organization has never been printed, therefore, the Adjutant in Chief has included in this book with the minutes all he has been able to find of the early history of the organization. He has given a list of the higher officers during the first few years of the organization and a complete list of such officers for the past ten years.

The Adjutant in Chief has arranged the proceedings in a concise and compact manner, and every member of the Confederation should have a copy. In order to defray the expense of printing and mailing, the price of the book is \$1 per copy, which may be had by making application to Walter L. Hopkins, Adjutant in Chief, S. C. V., Law Building, Richmond, Va.

In making record of the achievements of the Adjutant in Chief, the editor would be derelict in duty not to emphasize the credit due for his untiring energy in building up the organization of Sons.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Dr. Sumter L. Lowry, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, has appointed as members of his staff the following officers:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, George A. Miller, Tallahassee, Fla.; Commissary, W. A. Adams, Tampa, Fla.; Inspector, A. D. Kent, Savannah, Ga.; Quartermaster, George B. Bowling, Memphis, Tenn.; Judge Advocate, William M. Spencer, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Surgeon, Dr. E. H. McRae, Tampa, Fla.; Historian, John Ashley Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; Chaplain, Rev. Spurgeon Wingo, Bogalusa, La.

Division Appointments.

OFFICERS OF ALABAMA DIVISION.

Commander, W. E. Quinn, Fort Payne, Ala.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. C. Nichols, Fort Payne, Ala.; Inspector, Thomas C. Dobbs, Birmingham, Ala.; Judge Advocate, John T. Heflin, Roanoke, Ala.; Quartermaster, B. C. O'Rear, Attalla, Ala.; Commissary, Will Neal, Cullman, Ala.; Surgeon, Dr. John P. Stewart, Attalla, Ala.; Historian, W. A.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUINN, Fort Payne, Alabama
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock, Arkansas
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Central Division
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C., District of Columbia and Maryland
SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y., Eastern Division
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Florida
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah, Georgia
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington, Kentucky
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri
JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Mississippi
J. D. PAUL, Washington, North Carolina
L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla.
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington
REID ELKINS, Greenville, South Carolina
J. L. HUGHMAN, Memphis, Tennessee
LON S. SMITH, Austin, Texas
R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke, Virginia
E. L. BELL, Lewisburg, West Virginia

Rose, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.; Chaplain, Rev. Frank Brandon Montgomery, Ala.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, John L. Moulton, Mobile; Second Brigade, A. T. Watson, Greenville; Third Brigade, R. L. Riley, Evergreen; Fourth Brigade, Rodger Ap. C. Jones, Selma; Fifth Brigade, Jere C. Dennis, Dadeville; Sixth Brigade, Dr. W. M. Faulk, Tuscaloosa; Seventh Brigade, L. B. Rainey, Gadsden; Eighth Brigade, Fred Wall, Athens; Ninth Brigade, Roy R. Price, Birmingham.

Officers of Eastern Division.

Commander, Silas W. Fry, New York City, N. Y.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, David W. Timberlake, Westfield, N. J.; Judge Advocate, J. Avery Webb, New York City, N. Y.; Quartermaster, Don Farnsworth, New York City, N. Y.; Inspector, Belvin T. Wilson, New York City, N. Y.; Surgeon, Dr. Herman B. Baruch, New York City, N. Y.; Historian, Judge William Mack, New York City, N. Y.; Commissary, Telamon Cuyler, New York City, N. Y.; Color Sergeant, Mint M. Mays, New York, N. Y.; Chaplain, Rev. John Roach Stratton, New York City, N. Y.

Officers of Georgia Division.

Commander, Dr. W. R. Dancy, Savannah, Ga.; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Livingston McLaws, Savannah, Ga.; Assistant Adjutant, Mr. Hugh Stephens, Savannah, Ga.; Quartermaster, John D. Twigg, Augusta, Ga.; Assistant Quartermaster, Fred Morris, Marietta, Ga.; Inspector, A. Duncan Kent, Savannah, Ga.; Assistant Inspector, J. D. Wilson, Quitman, Ga.; Judge Advocate, Judge Ed Maddox, Rome, Ga.; Assistant Judge Advocate, Judge G. B. Park, Greensboro, Ga.; Commissary, W. E. Martin, Macon, Ga.; Assistant Commissary, C. N. Waits, Rockmart, Ga.; Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Gillespie, Albany, Ga.; Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Robert G. Stephens, Atlanta, Ga.; Historian, Frank West, Athens, Ga.; Assistant Historian, E. K. Overstreet, Sylvania, Ga.; Chaplain, Dr. William H. Owen, Macon, Ga.; Color Sergeant, W. M. Matthews, Fort Valley, Ga.; Assistant Color Sergeant, W. R. Bowen, Fitzgerald, Ga.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, C. T. Tillman, Quitman; Second Brigade, W. E. Coney, Savannah; Third Brigade, W. C. Neil, Colum-



bus; Fourth Brigade, Otto M. Conn, Milledgeville; Fifth Brigade, Lawton E. Evans, Augusta.

Officers of Louisiana Division.

Commander, J. R. Price, Shreveport, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, Quartermaster, B. H. Richardson, New Orleans, Inspector, Cecil Morgan, Shreveport, Judge Advocate, W. E. Gorham, Lake Charles, Surgeon, Dr. D. R. Shehe, Arcadia, Commissary, E. W. Gill, Homer, Historian, J. St. Clair Favrot, Baton Rouge, Chaplain, Rev. B. F. Wallace, Shreveport, Color Sergeant, H. H. Mobley, Alexandria.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, C. A. Latham, New Orleans, La.; Second Brigade, W. R. Gates, Franklin, La.; Third Brigade, J. H. Watkins, Monroe, La.; Fourth Brigade, W. H. Bynum, Baton Rouge, La.

Officers of Mississippi Division.

Commander, John M. Witt, Tupelo; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, W. F. Riley, Tupelo; Assistant Adjutant, F. F. Anderson, Corinth; Quartermaster, Albert C. Anderson, Ripley; Assistant Quartermaster, L. R. Cates, Tupelo; Inspector, Lamar Lambert, Natchez; Judge Advocate, Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg; Surgeon, Dr. L. C. Feemster, Tupelo; Commissary, H. R. Stone, Meridian; Chaplain, Rev. J. A. Christian, Tupelo; Historian, D. C. Langston, Sherman; Assistant Historian, Henry Tison, Baldwin; Color Sergeant, W. P. Long, Tupelo.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, J. E. Brown, Blue Mountain; Second Brigade, C. L. McNeil, Canton; Third Brigade, L. T. Kennedy, Natchez; Fourth Brigade, S. Claude Hall, Hattiesburg.

Officers of Tennessee Division.

Commander, J. L. Highsaw, Memphis, Adjutant and Chief of Staff, T. L. Campbell, Memphis, Historian, R. L. Bynum, Nashville, Inspector, B. E. Holman, Fayetteville, Judge Advocate, J. C. Rhea, Lynnville, Quartermaster, E. S. Kendrick, Bristol, Commissary, T. H. Holt, Pulaski, Color Bearer, J. A. Pogue, Chattanooga, Surgeon, Dr. T. J. Kimbrough, Jackson, Chaplain, Rev. C. C. Carson, Bristol.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, George A. Macon, Memphis; Second Brigade, Burch Patty, Chattanooga; Third Brigade, J. Y. Matthews, Lynnville; Fourth Brigade, T. L. Lowery, Charleston; Fifth Brigade, Clarie B. Newman, Jackson.

Officers of Texas Division.

Commander, Lon A. Smith, Austin; Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Hon. Ed S. McCarver, Orange; Historian, Hon. J. Felton Lane, Hearne; Inspector, Hon. Robert Lindsey, Nacogdoches; Judge Advocate, Hon. W. P. Sebastian, Breckenridge; Quartermaster, Hon. A. W. Taber, Austin; Commissary, T. B. McCarter, Canyon; Color Bearer, Hon. Justin Stein, Dallas; Surgeon, Dr. John W. Overton, Hereford; Chaplain, Rev. Jefferson Davis, Snyder.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS.

First Brigade, J. M. Henderson, Daingerfield; Second Brigade, E. H. Blalock, Port Arthur; Third Brigade, W. R. Hughes, Longview; Fourth Brigade, Frank Brame, Greenville; Fifth Brigade, Charles G. Hickcox, Dallas; Sixth Brigade, W. C. Davis, Bryan; Eighth Brigade, Jesse Mosely,

Houston; Ninth Brigade, W. W. Bouldin, Bay City; Tenth Brigade, Raymond Brooks, Austin; Eleventh Brigade, R. P. Gresham, Temple; Twelfth Brigade, Hugh Small, Fort Worth; Thirteenth Brigade, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls; Fourteenth Brigade, J. L. Lytle, San Antonio; Fifteenth Brigade, R. L. Bobbitt, Laredo; Sixteenth, C. E. Kelly, El Paso; Seventeenth Brigade, Thomas A. Bledsoe, Abilene; Eighteenth Brigade, T. P. Busell, Plainview.

GENERAL ORDER No. 1.

By order of Morgan Smith, Commander Arkansas Division.

By virtue of appointment your Commander assumes command of all Brigades and Camps composing the Arkansas Division of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the following appointments are hereby made to become effective at once:

Adjutant and Chief of Staff, John R. Riley, Jr., Little Rock; Quartermaster, Gordon N. Peay, Little Rock; Inspector, R. D. Hill, Charleston; Surgeon, W. T. Fide, Warren; Commissary, John Thompson, Mena; Chaplain, P. Q. Rorie, El Dorado; Historian, John L. Carter, Little Rock; Judge Advocate, Thomas C. McRae, Prescott; Color Sergeant, F. W. DeFries, Little Rock.

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, A. E. Dobyns, Little Rock; Second Brigade, Rollin W. Rogers, Texarkana; Third Brigade, H. L. Ponder, Walnut; Fourth Brigade, Neill C. Marsh, El Dorado.

Executive Council.

John R. Riley, Jr., Adjutant and Chief of Staff; A. E. Dobyns, Commander First Brigade; Rollin W. Rogers, Commander Second Brigade; Harry L. Ponder, Commander Third Brigade; Farrar Newberry, Past Division Commander; R. G. McDaniel, Past Division Commander; A. W. Parke, Past Division Commander; A. J. Wilson, Past Division Commander; E. R. Wiles, Past Division Commander.

Standing Committees.

Legislative.—C. P. Newton, chairman, Little Rock; R. L. Blakely, Prescott; F. P. Marshall, Hope; W. D. Jackson, Little Rock; L. D. Chambliss, Star City; J. H. Hamilton, Mena; J. J. Izard, Van Buren; R. A. Poole, Pine Bluff; G. W. Culberhouse, Jonesboro; A. B. Priddy, Russellville.

Monument Committee.—A. J. Ison, F. chairman, Little Rock; R. L. Hyatt, Monticello; Adolph Wsenthal, Camden; D. A. Bradham, Warren.

Membership Committee.—Earl D. Kidder, chairman, Little Rock; F. P. Harris, Bentonville; J. K. Smith, M.D., Texarkana; L. C. Newberry, Arkadelphia; O. T. Graves, Ashdown; J. E. Miller, M.D., Dardanelle; Hal Norwood, Mena; A. C. Marton, Conway; Paul McKennon, Clarksville.

Your Division Commander desires to remind you of the real purposes of the organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Each Son should prayerfully read and reread the preamble to the constitution for local Camps, for no more eloquent appeal to patriotism was ever compressed in so few words. If you have the red blood of your forebears in your veins and hold material things of less value than blood your patriotism ought to blaze the path of duty as your pride of ancestry ought to spur you to the noblest action.

It is earnestly recommended that regular monthly meetings of Camps be held and a suitable program rendered. Lasting friendships are formed at such meetings and the ties to which one Son is bound to another are strengthened and made lasting. May the new year be the most productive in the history of the organization as its beginning is the most auspicious.

A VISION OF THE SIXTIES.

BY V. L. RICHARDSON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the far South, one bright sunny day, I stood before an old gray stone house. The cloudless skies bending above it and the fragrant breezes wandering about it seemed but to make its desolation more complete. A fair and stately residence it must once have been, for it still bore traces of former grandeur, although now abandoned to silence and decay.

Being somewhat addicted to day dreaming, the sight of this old mansion started a train of curious thoughts, and, as in a vision, I beheld this place as it had been in the past. Sweet faces looked from the wide casements where the ivy now clustered so thickly, and the lofty halls resounded with echoes of childish laughter.

It was in the palmy days of the South that this old dwelling flourished. I saw a large and happy family gathered around a blazing fire beneath this ancient roof-tree—the gray-haired father, the gentle mother, and boys and girls full of young, vigorous life were assembled here—and all was mirth and cheer.

But a change came before my eyes. War had been declared, and fear and distress came into this peaceful household. I saw a youth, brave, proud, and ambitious, go forth to fight for the land he loved so well. The father, broken hearted by his departure, yet spoke no word to hold him back; the mother, pressing him to her breast, with tears, prayed God's blessing upon his enterprise; little ones with April faces of smiles and tears hung around him; and another, the dearest of all, rested her sunny head upon the heart that beat for her and felt, for the first time, how powerless love is to shield and save.

In all the pride and hope of the gallant soldier he went forth from his old home—to return—ah, how?

That return also flashed before me.

I saw the servants who had carried him in their arms during his babyhood bear him lovingly and reverently into the changed and saddened home. His father bent over him with that cry of lamentation that has come down to us through past centuries: "My son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee!" His mother—what words can describe her grief? The little ones were hushed and frightened, realizing only that "brother" was deaf to their calls; and his fair-haired young sweetheart, pressing her lips to the noble, boyish brow, felt in all its bitterness her first real sorrow.

The old house had witnessed all this, had beheld the father and mother borne to the tomb and the children scattered, one by one, until only the empty nest was left.

The vision passed away; my dream was ended.

A GIRL'S MEMORIES OF GENERAL LEE.

A LITTLE BOOK COMMENDED BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS.

I have just finished reading a tiny volume of fifty-two pages entitled "Memories of General Robert E. Lee," by Christiana Bond, just issued from the press of the Norman Remington Company, Baltimore (price seventy-five cents). It is a thoroughly charming, delightful, and convincing sketch of General Lee in social life at the Virginia Springs subsequent to the sectional conflict. I happen to know the author of this booklet and know that she can substantiate all her statements of General Lee's greatness as illustrated by his grace and charm in social contacts.

On one occasion in 1867, General Lee wished to greet some strangers from the North. No one else cared to do it, which attitude was partly inspired by the air of aloofness of the

visitors themselves. General Lee was determined to welcome the strangers; but the only volunteer who would accompany him across the ballroom was the author of these memories, then a young girl. However, let her tell the story, which is but one of the gems of the little volume:

"And so we crossed the great room, but under the brilliant crystal chandelier he paused and spoke words which went to the soul of his young hearer. He told of the grief with which he found a spirit of unreasoning resentment and bitterness in the young people of the South, of the sinfulness of hatred and social revenge, of the duty of kindness, helpfulness, and consideration for others.

"In a rush of unwonted feeling the impulsive question came: 'But, General Lee, did you never feel resentment toward the North?' ('Yankees' one might not say in his presence).

"Standing in the radiance of the myriad lighted crystals, his face took on a far-away, almost inspired look, as his hand involuntarily sought his breast. He spoke in low, earnest tones: 'I believe I may say, looking into my own heart, and speaking as in the presence of God, that I have never known one moment of bitterness or resentment.'

"More he said, but memory centers itself upon that supreme moment when the heart of the valiant soldier was revealed, a heart in which love was enshrined with duty and loyalty to God with charity toward all mankind."

While President of Washington College, General Lee was present one evening when a party of gentlemen were discussing some recent legislation of Congress upon Southern affairs. They spoke with indignation and bitterness of the unjust and ungenerous treatment of the South. General Lee remained silent, but when the conversation was over, wrote the following lines upon a slip of paper and handed them to the gentlemen, saying: "If a heathen poet could write in this way, what should be the feeling of a Christian?"

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe.
Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side.
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectareous or the balmy flower.
All nature cries aloud—shall man do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer less?"
(From Miss Mason's "Popular Life of General Lee.")

REUNITED AT LAST.—During the last summer, Dr. A. W. Littlefield, our "Massachusetts Confederate," delivered some addresses in Virginia, the subject being State rights, which are now being so little considered by those who wish to get some special legislation through Congress. In writing of his trip South, Dr. Littlefield mentions a little incident which "you can't believe," he says: "true, however. Coming down, I saw two Pullman cars coupled, one named 'Andrew Jackson,' the other 'John C. Calhoun!' Our country is reunited."

W. Matthews, of Mayslick, Ky., writes that he knows of two participants in the battle of "Jug Tavern" now living—"Eley Blackburn, of Georgetown, and myself. Seventy-six of us charged seven or eight hundred of the enemy and captured four hundred and ninety-six of them. We were all volunteers, and we were given a banquet by the citizens of Athens, Ga." Are there other survivors, and who will write an account of this fight? The VETERAN would like to have it.

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WANTED.—To buy Confederate stamps, or paper money, postmarked envelopes for Southern Museums; bill of sale of slaves, Confederate passes, furloughs; badges and newspapers of the war period. Highest prices paid.
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Mrs. E. W. Sanders, Crystal Springs, Miss., is seeking information of her father's war service and will appreciate hearing from anyone who knows his regiment. He was in Company C, Willis's Battalion, Ross's Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry.

Nat Poyntz, 51 Norton Street, Dorchester, Mass., has some five dollar Confederate bills which he will be glad to send to those who are interested in such collection. There is no charge.



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Commander C. H. Gill, of Cherokee Camp, U. C. V., 1030 Jennings Avenue, Bartlesville, Okla., is interested in securing pensions for two members of the Camp who have lost all trace of their war comrades. One of these is Jehu Barton Cole, who served in the company of Capt. Jerry South, Hawkins's Kentucky Regiment, who was captured and imprisoned at Camp Wildcat until paroled in April, 1865. The other comrade is David Alexander Walker, of Company I, (Captain Zison), Colonel Bennett's Regiment, Morgan's Kentucky Brigade; his service was after the death of General Morgan. Information will be appreciated.

C. A. Haddock, of Hamburg, Ark., Rural Route No. 5, would like to hear from any old comrade or friend of his father, Larey Marshall Haddock, who can give some information of his war record; wishes to know the company and regiment with which he served.

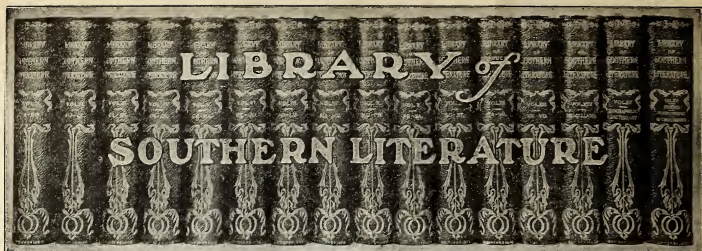
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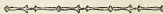


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